

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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## The Catholic Record. London, Saturday, January 7, 1893.

It is surprising how many people uttering high-flown sentiments about charity and religion are of so little use in the betterment of the world. They have a great deal of eloquence, but very scant human sympathy. Foreign missions engage their time and money, because, forsooth, benighted Chinese, etc., living as is commonly supposed, in quite a romantic atmosphere, are fit subjects to fascinate and develop the aesthetic sense of old and young ladies. They are ready to give their services to charitable concerns, because they do so love to help all who suffer from poverty and its inherent ills. This is all very well, but do not such ministrations of mercy savor of ostentation? Let us who have leisure go out among the poor, and the contrast between their sordid surroundings and our own refined and comfortable homes may make us more earnest and self-denying in the holy cause of charity. Let us behold how the days of hundreds of young girls and boys are passed in unremitting monotonous toil in the ill-ventilated and ill-lighted rooms of our factories, and out of the money squandered in fashionable trifles we may provide clubs and reading rooms, where, during a few hours of the week, their human brains and hearts may be uplifted from the region of sin and darkness and be trained in self-control and led to a just appreciation of their rights and responsibilities.

We would do well to observe the course pursued by some Canadian newspapers, which, before a general election, are very prone in their praises of Catholicism, and after it run on in the accustomed groove of partiality and bigotry. Before a political battle no need of praise is too great for the Church, but after it a stern silence on all things Catholic, and bitter comments on anything that may rebound to her disgrace and dishonor, take the place of the eloquent passages that were employed to influence and dupe the Catholic votes.

We are told that priestly influence in Ireland is on the wane. The convincing reason is that Irishmen are becoming too intelligent to submit longer to clerical dictatorship. How absurd is such an argument to anyone conversant with Irish history! But of human credulity there is no end, and we must suffer fools gladly. That intelligence of which we hear so much will, if possible, increase the affection for their priesthood that lives deep down in the hearts of true Irishmen. It will impel them to open the pages of their history and to read for themselves the tale of self-sacrifice that enemies would fain blot out, and they will readily see why the Irish priest above all others is entitled to all possible veneration. When Erin in the days of splendor stood a queen among the nations his learning and sanctity cast a lustre on the new-born civilization. He carried her fame to the uttermost paths of the earth. Churches and colleges attested his beneficent and onward progress, and at times a martyr's grave bore eloquent testimony to his heroism and burning zeal for the salvation of human souls. In the dark and bitter days he, as the "Good Shepherd," was with his people. He warned drooping hearts with the fire of his own indomitable courage. He participated in their every privation, and for them also he dared and suffered death in all its direst forms. And our century has beheld him devoting every energy to the furtherance of the cause of Irish liberty. His prudence and foresight have restrained the people from repeating the deplorable mistakes of '98 and '48. For his country's welfare he has despised pain and toil, and now, when the sun of a future bright with promise is slowly but surely rising above the horizon he is asked to relinquish his hold of the people's affections, because, forsooth, a few irresponsible agitators who have risked little and gained much, and whose chief characteristic is a consuming desire of political pre-eminence, would fain pose as sole defenders of Irish liberty.

The American reporter is certainly a wondrous being. He has the right

omniscient air and tone and knack of administering reverential flattery to American institutions and civilization. Just now he is employed in a very shameless work—the tracing out for the reading public of the duties and sphere of jurisdiction assigned by the Holy See to Monsignor Satolli. He has subjected the Delegate to an "interview," but from diplomatic language he gleaned information of no import and had naturally to resort to the assistance of a fervid imagination.

### A FAILURE IN NEW YORK.

Rev. Madison C. Peters Says That Protestantism.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, in his sermon recently delivered in the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, Sixty-eighth street and Western Boulevard, New York, asserted that Protestantism in New York city was a failure. "In 1800 the Catholic population in the United States was 100,000, and in 1890, 8,277,000. A fair estimate of the Catholic population of New York city is 750,000; 250,000 represents the Protestant church-going population. In 1840 we had in this city one Protestant church to every 2,071 of the population; in 1850, one to 2,442; in 1860, one to 2,777; in 1870, one to 2,480; in 1880, one to 3,018, and in 1890, one to 3,544, and if we take the police census, one to 4,000.

SOME CURIOUS FIGURES AND FACTS. "In comparison with the growth of the population the Presbyterian Church has lost 17 per cent. in this city in twenty years. The Methodist church here in nineteen years increased only 2 1/2 per cent.; during the same time the population increased 80 per cent. The Dutch Reformed church in twenty years sustained a loss of 10 per cent. relative to the population. There is not a Protestant denomination in the city that has grown anything like the growth of the population. The Christian forces at work below Fourteenth street are not so large as they were twenty years ago, and, although during that time 200,000 people have moved below Fourteenth street, twenty Protestant churches have moved out. One Hebrew synagogue and two Catholic churches have been added, so that, counting churches of every kind, there are seventeen less than there were twenty years ago, notwithstanding the great increase in population.

MISSIONARY WORK NEEDED AT HOME. "Our pulpits ring with frequent appeals for money to establish missions in the destitute West. The population of the city of New York exceeds that of North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists have only 85 pastors at work in this city, while in the States mentioned the two denominations have 540 pastors and workers. In the Fourth and Seventh wards of this city are 70,000 people and seven Protestant churches and one chapel. In the tenth ward are 47,000 souls and two churches and one chapel. The Twentieth ward increased 77 per cent. in population in ten years, and its churches decreased 31 per cent.

"The drift of our Protestant Churches is always towards the more fashionable part of the city. The magnificent churches built up town have not been paid for by the people. The money came from the sale of down town churches. The Protestant Church deserves to fail so long as in defiance of the Christ-spirit it builds fine churches for the few, and pauperizes the poor by building plain chapels for them. God's houses should be built for all alike.

THE CAUSES AT WORK. "The churches must follow the people," is the cry. Who are the people? The rich few who live up town, where the churches seem anxious to crowd and hinder each other's growth by ruinous rivalry? Only a few days ago the New York Presbytery advised two down town congregations to dissolve their organizations and sell their properties, so that the money might be used in removing the indebtedness of fashionable up town churches. We have robbed the down town poor systematically by selling their churches to build fine churches for the up town few. The Catholic Church never surrenders an old field. None of her churches ever are turned into stables. The people must build their new churches. To what, then, is the Catholic Church indebted for its triumphant march? To the monstrosity of our frequent moving days, the indifference of Protestants and the enthusiasm of Catholics. It is because the Catholics are thoroughly devoted and in earnest, and are prepared to make sacrifices and to suffer in order to support what they believe to be true."

OTHER CLERGYMEN AGREE WITH MR. PETERS' ASSERTION. The New York World reporters interviewed a number of Protestant clergymen upon Mr. Peters' assertion, and they all acknowledged the truth of the above.

The Rev. Frank L. Wilson, of the Forty-third Street Methodist Episcopal Church, said that the fact was undeniable.

"It is so," he continued, "largely because immigration swells the ranks of the Catholics. The great majority of those who come here do so to remain and take residence in the crowded districts. Then, too, a very large number of Hebrews have come over within a short time past. There are portions of the east side where you will scarcely ever hear the English language spoken by residents. It is a fact that churches far down town would not be self-supporting. They would have to be run with a restaurant or an entertainment as a feature to attract the people there.

"This is shown by the efforts of the Asbury Church, on Washington Square. A number of features of the kind I speak of were introduced—a wood yard, dining-room, young people's clubs, etc.—but it was very hard work, and as soon as any effort was made in church work proper the attendance began at once to dwindle. The only way we can see to reach this section is by the big churches up town establishing missions and supporting them. Another cause that Immigration is the fact that the younger American population does not remain in the city. It either moves west or to the suburbs. I think you will find no falling off in the suburbs."

The Rev. B. F. De Costa said: "The statement of Mr. Peters is absolutely correct, and the condition he speaks of will continue until Protestants put forth the efforts the Catholics do. It is well enough for Protestants to grumble and complain, but the fact is they are too fond of ease. On the other hand, the Catholics are willing to suffer and make sacrifices for the present in view of what they look to in the future. They never give up a field, but go heart and soul into their work. They mean everything they do, and hence they succeed. Following similar lines Protestants would be just as successful, and possibly more so. When they are willing to put forth the effort they will succeed in ample measure."

### MAINTAIN THE FAITH.

Archbishop Ryan Declares It to be of the First Importance.

A New York World correspondent called on Dr. Ryan, the venerable Archbishop of Philadelphia, and requested that he express his views on questions that prevail in the Catholic Church. As one of the leading metropolitans of the American hierarchy Dr. Ryan's utterances possess especial interest at the present time.

ALL FOR GOD'S GLORY. "There are no differences in the Church on questions of faith or creed," said the Archbishop. "If popular impressions exist that there are such differences, why, the popular understanding is incorrect. The Bishops may hold divergent views on some points of policy, of discipline, perhaps, but they are as one in the faith, all striving for the glory of God, and of the Church.

"During the past year the subject of the education of children has been discussed with perhaps a keener interest than formerly, and the discussion has attracted the attention of the people. The press has furnished general information to readers, and perhaps erroneous views have unwittingly been disseminated. Really the subject of education has been a vital one for a long period of time, and the Church has been of practically one mind concerning it.

NO PURPOSE SAVE TO MAINTAIN HER FAITH. "The views of ecclesiastics, especially those of the distinguished Archbishop of St. Paul, have been quoted often. The visit of Archbishop Satolli has revived interest in the school question. You have read, no doubt, the propositions submitted by Mgr. Satolli at the recent meeting of the Archbishops. The published account is substantially correct. I will be glad if the people of the United States understand that the Catholic Church has no purpose other than to educate her children and to maintain her faith. All religious bodies ought to be as one in sentiment in questions of education. There is a common enemy all must oppose, and that is ignorance. The mother of vice is ignorance, and to crush it should be the aim of good citizens.

THE FRIEND OF EDUCATION. "The Catholic Church has always been the friend of popular education. Common schools for the instruction of the masses of the people were first founded by the Church, and the progress of knowledge is in accord with her long-settled policy. When I hear of antagonism between educational institutions I feel that there should be, instead, the antagonism of emulation only.

"If Catholics are not satisfied with the Public school system of our country it is not because their institutions are devoted to education, but because they do not go far enough in the mission of training or calling out the powers of the soul. We are as one with the Public schools in all that pertains to intellect and memory. We separate from them with regret on the

boundaries of another and higher region to which they decline to ascend. RECOGNITION OF HEART AND WILL NEEDED. "I believe that a complete education should include recognition of the will and heart powers, which more than intellect affect one's destiny for time and eternity. The heart of man is chiefly influenced for the right by an element in our nature as real as any other, and that is the religious element. It is found in every human heart, and must have a purpose. Being capable of education, it ought to be educated. An influence on the intellect is exercised through education is chiefly to the heart and passions of mankind, and it makes better men and better citizens. The self-restraint and the self-sacrifice essential to morality are best served by it.

"In these generalities all right-thinking men will agree, I think. The great practical question in connection with the education is how to impart with secular instruction the religious training. If you sweep away from the great mass of Christian parents the number who have not the necessary time to teach their children at home, and in addition those who lack the necessary knowledge, you will probably include two-thirds of the humbler classes of society. The hour of religious instruction in the Sunday-school is insufficient. The little acquired may be half dissipated before the next school hour.

"The daily education in religious truth is necessary. The daily school should combine instruction of the head and the heart, secular education and religious. There are many poor people in the Catholic Church. The Church is the refuge of the poor. They cannot teach their children at home, either, as I previously said, from lack of time or capacity.

"I am aware the American people are to a large extent wedded to the system of education which excludes religious teachings from our Public schools. I believe that a radical change of sentiment will transpire, and that the sober thought of an enlightened community will assert itself. The Lutheran body recognizes the desirability of combining secular and religious instruction. The views of the Episcopalians incline in the same direction, and so do others of the great religious organizations. The views of the Catholic Church on the subject of matrimonial divorce gain ground apace, and the same thought will lead the same people to believe that the Church is right in opposing the divorce of education from religion; that she is right in teaching religious restraint on the passions of the rising generation, and teaching it daily. I think that an educated society is far more dangerous to society than an ignorant one. If we are to develop the intellect only, without applying a safety valve, as it were, by giving the heart a good training, it might be better to omit the mere intellectual development.

"It is for the reasons I have enumerated that Catholics deem the union of the two educations imperative. It is for these reasons that they believe that the bars should not be let down and that the principle of combined secular and religious instruction should prevail. We cannot make concessions to any departure from this principle, and we must insist that the true educational plan for Catholic children is the one which happily combines the two kinds of instruction. There may be differences of opinion among the Bishops as to the details of carrying out the purpose of the Church, but on the main subject of combined religious and secular daily instruction there is but one view, and that is, that the combination is essential and prerequisite.

THE CHURCH AND THE REPUBLIC. "You ask for my views on the relations of the Catholic Church to the Republic—if there is anything in the policy of the Church that is contrary to the spirit of republican institutions. I think that the Church thrives best in our Republic. We have nothing to do with the politics of other countries. The Church in monarchical countries conducts her affairs as is best suited to the existing conditions. The Church is non-aristocratic. It has been from the foundation. The Head of the Church was the son of a carpenter, born in a manger. The disciples were plain men, and the strength of the Church rests with the lowly. In the American Republic we are left entirely free to act out her sacred and beneficent mission to the human race. She is free theoretically as well as practically not merely by toleration nor overshadowed by civil law, but by constitutional guarantee. Obstacles to her progress arising from ignorance of her true doctrines and from hereditary prejudices are gradually disappearing as Catholics and non-Catholics come to know each other.

"We are all Americans, and the Catholic takes as much pride in our common country as the religionist of any denomination. The Pope is deeply interested in the common people, and the thoughts of the Holy Father have been directed towards the Church existing in republics with keen attention. I have expressed to the Pope on a notable occasion the happy condition of the Church in Republican America. I described at some length

the freedom from legal restraints here, and the broad toleration of the American Constitution. I spoke with all the plea for a republican Church at home as follows:

ARCHBISHOP RYAN TO THE POPE. "Remember, Most Holy Father, that the people represented by the shepherds of Judea came by angelic summons to the crib at Bethlehem before the Kings of the East, and that He whose vicar you are was not only the King of Kings, but also the reputed son of Joseph, the carpenter; that He was a man of the people and sympathizing with the people.

"When I concluded the Pope applauded my utterances. There was some discussion in the newspapers at Rome regarding this subject. Everything assuming a political drift at Rome, and a newspaper, the *Italia*, said that I had conveyed a useful lesson to the Pope, who, the paper declared, 'preferred kings to peoples.' Soon afterward the official organ of the Vatican, the *Moniteur de Rome*, replied to this criticism, and demonstrated that the Holy Father had, whatever former politics of the Vatican may have been, shown a strong sympathy with Republican institutions. It was to me that the Pope said the memorable words: 'Your country is great, with a future full of hope. Your nation is free. Your Government is strong, and the character of your President commands my highest admiration.'

"It is not difficult for a man to be an ultra-radical or an ultra-conservative, but to steer the safe course of conservative liberty requires true principles, with a clear head, pure heart and great courage to feel and act them out. Such qualities the Pope possesses. The admiration the Holy Father feels for the United States will, if there were not numerous moral reasons, prevent him from any line of Church policy that would in any manner be inimical to our institutions. The Republic and the Catholic Church go hand in hand, and no outside interference will prevail against the friendly union.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION. "The immigration question on which you desire my opinion is too momentous a subject to be discussed without careful thought. There are two sides to the question. We do not desire the depraved and reckless classes of Europe, but the sober, industrious immigrants, who come to our shores to improve their condition and to seek a permanent home as welcome. The country needs such new blood.

"How to restrain the unworthy and to sift the black sheep from the white is a subject to which our statesmen should give earnest study. I do not think complete suspension of immigration is desirable, but this land does not welcome criminals and the vicious. Questions of securing immunity from epidemic diseases may be prominent. And here the great questions of ways and means come forward again strongly. My own mind is not quite clear as yet how the objections to unrestricted immigration should be met.

"In response to your request to explain Cahensyism, as it is so termed, I may reply that the subject no longer possesses vital interest in this country. It is a dead issue, if it ever rose to the dignity of an issue. Herr Cahensy came to New York from Germany with a purpose which, I believe, was sincere and elevated. He was of the Imperial Parliament, and became seized with the idea that the numerous subjects of European nations who were of the Church and resided without naturalization in the United States should be cared for spiritually by their own people. I think Cahensy would have liked actual interference by his own people to secure spiritual oversight over his countrymen of the Catholic Church here.

CAHENSY'S PLAN IMPRACTICABLE. "There are numerous Polish Catholics. The Cahensy idea was to group them all under the spiritual charge of a Polish Bishop. The German Catholics were to be under a German prelate, and the French Catholics under a religious Superior of their own race.

"Of course, such a proceeding would have caused confusion and discord. It was an impracticable and unnecessary movement. There was no authority behind Cahensy. Rome took no part in his plan. As soon as the purpose of his visit was understood the leaders of the Church conferred and set the seal of disapproval on Cahensy and his mission. Of course their action closed the purpose of his visit, and he departed, leaving no strong impressions behind him.

"As I mentioned, Cahensy's purpose was no doubt pure, but his coming was injudicious. The American hierarchy resent foreign interference. They are governed by the laws of the Church, of which the earthly head is in a foreign land, but in all other respects they are American citizens."

The World correspondent asked Archbishop Ryan if the Church has assumed any special line of policy in the vexed question of capital and labor. CAPITAL AND LABOR. "The part of a mediator, of a common friend of both," was the reply. "Capital cannot thrive without labor, and labor depends upon capital. The

Church's policy is to strive to assimilate the interests of the two. A favorite example of mine is the action of the hermit, Telemachus, who caused the cessation of gladiatorial combats in the arena at Rome. You will remember that the monk, in his cell in the eastern desert, heard that men continued to fight in the Coliseum notwithstanding that Rome was no longer pagan. He journeyed there to endeavor to end the cruel sport. He entered the arena, and just as a gladiator was on the point of transfixing another Telemachus threw himself between the combatants and begged them in the name of Christ to end their discord. The populace, balked of their sport, tore the hermit in pieces. The revision of feeling, however, led to the stopping of similar contests.

"The Church endeavors to calm the animosities between capital and labor, and exercises a powerful but not always open influence for the good of each opposing side. The progress of time, the dissemination of intelligence and the influence of the Church will tend to ameliorate the existing frictions."

ARCHBISHOP RYAN CORRECTS A MISTAKE. To the Editor of the World: "The account of an interview with me by a representative of your paper, published in this morning's issue, is generally very correct.

Permit me, however, to correct a mistake. While I believe that Mr. Cahensy desired that Bishops of the same nationality as the majority of their people should be appointed by the Holy See for this country, he did not ask that one Bishop should be appointed for each nationality whose members might be scattered through various dioceses. I said that this had been attributed to him and regarded by some people as Cahensyism.

While opposed to what is known as the spirit of this movement, I do not wish to do any injustice to an otherwise very worthy man.

Yours sincerely, P. J. RYAN, Archbishop of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Dec. 19.

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The leading Catholic residents of Omaha, Nebraska, have published an open letter to their fellow-citizens protesting against the war waged against the Church by the secret Know-Nothing societies, by some of the Protestant clergy in their pulpits, by peripatetic lectures on the public platform and by some papers in the secular press. They declare that they have been subjected to misrepresentation, to abuse, to social ostracism and to a business boycott. "All that remains to complete the villainy of this new religious war," says the appeal, "is the gallows and the stake. Nothing that Catholics hold dear, the honor of their religion, the reputation of their clergy and of their families has been spared by those ghouls and hypocrites who under the guise of patriotism and virtue have precipitated this attack. Religious women who have never committed an offence against any one in this community, who are attending strictly to their own affairs and who have no means of defending themselves, have been repeatedly vilified and calumniated privately and publicly." "We Catholics," continues the protest, "are at least human beings and this is the nineteenth century. It is a reflection on the civilization of this community that such a state of things should be allowed to exist. We ask you, therefore, how you can stand idly by and permit the peace and good order of your city to be endangered, how you can silently witness citizens whom you know to be respectable and law-abiding, to be repeatedly insulted and goaded to resentment." What impression this appeal will make on the public conscience, time will tell, but the prediction can be safely made that a day of reckoning will come for the members of the A. P. A., when the indignant fellow-citizens of all denominations will put a quietus on their proscriptive proclivities.

Liverpool Catholic Times. A Jesuit, in the eyes of every traducer of the sons of the apostolic St. Ignatius of Loyola, is a political schemer, a domestic intriguer, or a wily assassin, who chooses any and every means to attain his ends. A Jesuit is as ubiquitous as he is dangerous. If we are to believe his enemies, he may pose in the guise of a scullion or a prime minister, an ambassador or a mesmerist, a valet or a peer. He is all things to all men in his insidious hypocrisy. \* \* \* And yet, the Jesuit is coming to be understood. The cloud of misrepresentation and obliquity in which he was enshrouded is vanishing, and he stands before the world as the most zealous and fearless of missionaries, the profoundest of theologians, the most accurate of astronomers, the most subtle of mathematicians, and, taking him all in all, the best and most unselfish of men. That is why the Jesuit is maligned.

The love of God and the love of our neighbor necessarily go hand in hand; and in the hearts of the young, especially, the seed of piety always puts forth the flower of pity for the suffering.

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**Love's Link.**  
BY AGNES LEE.  
A sad procession sought the church at noon of day.  
A weeping girl along the windless summer way  
Followed the slow-borne bier where mutes her lover lay.  
Adown that flowered path there came a bridal hand.  
The radiant wife stepped proudly, strong of heart,  
With all the solemn joy of love's still wonder-land.  
White garments, like day dawned clear with cloudless skies,  
Dark robes, like night o'ercast that sees no star arise.  
They met, they paused, they looked into each other's eyes.  
And then, for swift and sweet is love's con-  
verging tide,  
Behold, the fair young wife wept as she turned aside—  
The hopeless girl who wept smiled on the new-made bride.  
—Scribner's.

**GRAPES AND THORNS.**  
BY M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

**CHAPTER VIII.**  
SUMMER FRIENDS.

F. Chevreuse did not allow himself a long indulgence in his own sorrows. Before half an hour had elapsed, he was stepping through the portal of the city jail, all private grief set aside and lost sight of in the errand that had brought him.

Sensitive as he was, the gloom and dampness inseparable from a prison would have chilled him, but that pity for him who was suffering from them so unjustly, as he believed, started his heart into intense action, and sent an antagonistic glow through his frame, as though by force of love alone he would have warmed the stones and chased away those depressing shadows.

A few swift steps along the stone corridor brought him to the cell assigned to Mr. Schoningher. Looking with eagerness, yet shrinkingly too, through the grating, while the jailer unlocked the door, he saw the prisoner standing there with folded arms and head erect, regarding him coldly and without the faintest sign of recognition. The place was not so dim but he must have seen perfectly who his visitor was; yet a man of stone could not have stood so unmoved.

The jailer was not long unlocking the door, yet, brief as the time was, it sufficed to work a change in the priest. It was with him as with the fountain which tosses its warm waters into a chilly atmosphere: the spray retains its form, but not its temperature. "I am shocked at this, Mr. Schoningher!" he exclaimed, hastening into the cell. "I will do anything to relieve you! Only tell me what to do."

The words, the gesture, the emphasis, all were as he had meant; but a something in the whole manner, which tells when the heart outleaps the word and the gesture was lost. It was possible to think the cordiality of his address affected.

Mr. Schoningher bowed lowly, without unfolding his arms or softening the expression of his face. "I thank you for your offers of service," he said; "but they are unnecessary. I have employed counsel, and what the law can do for me will be done. Meantime, it is not for you and me to clasp hands."

His look conveyed not only pride, but disdain. He seemed less the accused than the accuser.

"Whose hand, then, will you clasp?" the priest exclaimed, impatient at what seemed to him an unreasonable scruple. "You are a stranger here, and can be sure of no one. I am the very person whose good-will will be most valuable to you."

It was only the embarrassment resulting from an unexpected rebuff which could have made F. Chevreuse appeal to the motive of self-interest. To tell a proud and bitter, perhaps a guilty, man that he stands in his own light, is only to make him blacken eyes more his immovable shadow. But as a man sometimes relaxes the severity of his manner at the same time that he increases the firmness of his resolution, Mr. Schoningher nerved so far as to offer his visitor a seat.

"Please excuse the roughness," he said, indicating a rude bench. "The furniture is not of my choosing." And seated himself on the bed, there being no other place.

F. Chevreuse remained standing. The unkind courtesy was more chilling than coldness.

"I followed an impulse of kindness in coming to you," he said, looking down to hide how much he was hurt. "I did not stop to ask myself what was conventional, or wise, or politic. My heart prompted me to fly to the rescue, and I took no other counsel."

There was no reply. Mr. Schoningher's eyes were fixed with an intent and searching gaze on the priest, and a faint color began to creep up over his cold face. As F. Chevreuse raised his eyes and met that gaze, the faint color deepened to a sudden red; for the priest's glance was dimmed by tears of wounded feeling he had striven to hide.

"You distrust me!" he said reproachfully; "and I do not deserve it. I would serve you, if I could. I would be your friend, if you would let me."

It was Mr. Schoningher's turn to drop his eyes. To look in that face un- moved was impossible. The reproach, the pain, the tenderness of it had shot like an arrow through his heart, steered as it was. But his habit of self-control was proof against surprise. After the blush had left his face, there was no sign visible of the struggle that was going on within. He seemed to be merely considering a question. After a moment, he looked up.

"You seem to think me innocent of this charge?" he remarked calmly.

F. Chevreuse was silent with astonishment.

"You probably do think so," Mr. Schoningher went on, in the same tone. "But whatever your opinion may be, you do not know. Crimes are committed from various motives and under various circumstances. Some are almost accidental. Neither is crime committed by the low and rude alone, nor by the bad alone. There is nothing in the character or circumstances of any man which would render it impossible that he should ever be guilty of a crime. I repeat, then, that you cannot be sure of my innocence; and, till it is proved, there can be no intercourse between us. I am willing to give you credit for a charitable impulse; but I do not want charity. I want justice!" His eyes flashed out, and his face began to redden again. Mr. Schoningher had not become cool by spending a night in jail.

F. Chevreuse did not stir, though he was in fact dismissed. Mr. Schoningher, seeing that his visitor did not sit, rose, and stood waiting to bow him out.

"I cannot go away and leave you so, in such a place!" the priest exclaimed after a moment, during which he seemed to have made an inner effort to go. "It is monstrous! Cannot you see that it is so? Why, last night we were like friends; and I insist that there is no reason why we should not be friends to-day."

"What! Even if I should be guilty?" asked the prisoner in a low voice.

F. Chevreuse made a gesture of impatience, and was about to utter a still more impatient protest, when he met a look so cold, yet so thrilling with a significance he could not interpret, that he drew back involuntarily.

The Jew's face darkened. "Your convictions are, apparently, not so deep as you had supposed, sir," he said frostily. "I am afraid you would find yourself disappointed as to the extent of confidence you would be able to repose in me. The sober second thought is best. Our paths are separate."

For the first time something like anger showed momentarily in the priest's face, and gave a certain sternness to the first words he spoke; but it was over in an instant. "You are quite right, sir!" he said. "It is impossible for me to go with you, unless I am met with entire frankness and confidence. If you choose that our paths shall be separate, I will not force myself on you; but we need not be antagonistic. Farewell!"

He turned and groped in the doorway for the passage-step, his own shadow being added to those which already wrapped the place in an obscurity almost like night. He saw the jailer in the long corridor before him, waiting to lock the door, and he had just found where to set his foot, when he felt a warm touch on his hand that still held by the stone door-way inside the cell. The touch was slight, but it was a caress, either a kiss or the quick pressure of a soft palm. He had hardly time to be fully aware of it before he stood in the corridor, and the jailer was locking the door behind him.

He stopped, and looked through the grating, but could not see the prisoner. Only a narrow line of black, like the sleeve of a coat, had thrown himself on to his bed. The priest put his face close to the bars, and whispered, "God bless you!"

The line of black moved quickly with a start, but there was no reply.

Pale and dispirited, F. Chevreuse left the prison, and took his way slowly to Mrs. Gerald's. He would rather not have gone then, but he had promised. He wondered a little within himself, indeed, why he felt such reluctance to see persons who had always been faithful and sympathizing friends to him, and why he would rather, were the choice left to him, have gone to Mrs. Ferrier, or, still better, to Annette.

As soon as the true reason occurred to him, he put it aside, and refused to think on the subject.

Mrs. Gerald was evidently on the watch for him; for as soon as he approached the house, she came to the door to meet him. The color was wavering in her face, her blue eyes were suffused with tears, and looked the sympathy her lips did not speak. But the sympathy was all for him—for the terrible wound torn open again, for the new wound added, perhaps, of a misplaced confidence. No look seemed to glance past him and inquire for the one he had left behind.

Honora sat by a fire in the sitting-room, leaning close to the blaze, with a shawl drawn about her shoulders, and seemed to shiver even then. There was a frosty paleness in her face as she rose to meet their visitor, as though the blood had all flowed back to her heart, and stopped there, and the hand she gave him was cold. But an eager, questioning glance slipped from her eyes, swift and shrinking, that went beyond him and asked for news of the prisoner.

"Well," said F. Chevreuse, glancing from one to the other, "there is nothing to tell."

Honora sank into her chair again, and waited mutely, looking into the fire.

"Nothing of any consequence, that is," he continued, folding his hands together on the back of a chair, and looking down at them. "I went to the jail; but Mr. Schoningher has so quick a sense of propriety that he will not allow me to do anything for him. It was in vain for me to urge the matter; he absolutely sent me away."

"He was quite right in that," Mrs. Gerald remarked coldly.

Honora's eyes were again eagerly searching the priest's face, but Mrs. Gerald was in turn looking away from him.

"And why was he right, madam?" demanded F. Chevreuse.

She did not look up to answer, and her expression was of that stubborn reserve which some good people assume when they cannot say anything friendly, and are determined not to be uncharitable. "I may be wrong," she said, carefully choosing her words, "but it does not seem to me that you are the person of whom he should take advice now. Pardon me, F. Chevreuse! I do not mean to criticize you nor dictate to you, of course. But I am glad that you are to have nothing to do with this. You should be spared the pain."

He was too sore-hearted to argue the point; and he knew, moreover, that argument would be thrown away. He was well aware that the most of his friends thought his generosity sometimes exaggerated, and were more likely to check than to encourage him. When he went out of the beaten track, he had never found sympathy anywhere, but with the one whose loss he felt more and more every day, unless it might be with Annette Ferrier and her mother.

"It seems that I am not to have anything to do with it," he said; "though I fail to see why I should not. Let that pass, however. I pity the poor fellow from my heart, though his detention will be a short one, since the trial, they tell me, is to come on immediately. It is a miserable condition, being shut up in that place, and loaded with such an outrageous accusation. I do not wonder it made him bitter and distrustful of me."

Mrs. Gerald lifted her eyes quickly, and gave F. Chevreuse a glance that recalled to his mind that look from which he had shrunk in the prison. He could not understand it, but it made him shiver. Not that it expressed any suspicion or accusation; it seemed only to ask searchingly if there were no suspicion in his own mind.

"Well, good-by," he said hastily. "Let us all beware of melancholiness in thought, word and deed."

When he had reached the street-door he heard Miss Pembroke's step following him.

"You have really nothing to tell me?" she asked, trembling as she held her shawl about her. "Recollect that I find this man has spoken together as friends. Am I still to believe in him?"

"Oh! fie, Honora Pembroke!" the priest exclaimed sorrowfully. "Is that the kind of friendship you give, that you doubt a person at the first wild charge made against him?"

"It is not so much that I doubt, Father," she said faintly. "But nothing so terrible has ever come near me before, and it is confounding. I want to be reassured."

"Cast all doubt out of your mind, then," he said emphatically. "And if you should send some little message to Mr. Schoningher by a proper messenger, saying that you hope he will soon be delivered from his trouble, it would be a kind and Christian act."

She drew back a little, and made no reply.

"You are not willing to do it?" he asked.

"I would rather not, Father," she answered deprecatingly. "I really hope and pray that he may soon be delivered, and I am willing he should know it; he must be sure of it, if he gives the subject a thought—but I would not like to send him a message. There will be men to go and speak kindly to him; he has many friends. If Lawrence were here, he would go. I would not like to take any step in the matter."

F. Chevreuse sighed. "You must be guided by your own feeling and sense of right in this," he said. "I did not mean to advise, but only to suggest."

He knew, as he went away, that she lingered in the door, looking after him in painful uncertainty, and he almost expected to hear himself called back and begged to be her messenger. But no call came; and he went away from his second visit as from the first, chilled and disappointed.

For one moment the thought which he had thrust aside on coming started out again, and made itself felt. It seemed to him, in that brief glance at it, that there is nothing on earth which can be more cruel than a strict and scrupulous respectability. Then instantly he began to make excuses, and to find reasons why people, women especially, should be less demonstrative than he might have wished.

"What! you will not recognize me?" said a voice at his elbow.

It was a voice to arrest attention—deep, musical, and penetrating; and the speaker was not one to be passed with only a glance. He was of medium height, broad shouldered, and had an exceedingly handsome face, with brilliant blue eyes, and wavy, dark hair just beginning to be threaded with white. This was F. O'Donovan, whose parish, a small one, lay two miles, or more, from that of F. Chevreuse. Besides these two, there was no other priest resident within a radius of forty miles.

"Brother!" exclaimed F. Chevreuse, and grasped the hand the other extended to him, and for a moment seemed to be on the point of yielding to an emotion natural to one who, having long borne without human help his own burdens and the burdens of others, sees at length a friend on whom he can venture to confess his human weakness. "I thought you were at home, swathed in flannels," he added, recovering himself.

F. O'Donovan shrugged his shoulders. He had been a good deal in France, and had, moreover, as all graceful and vivacious persons have, a natural inclination to use a good deal of gesture. "Rheumatism, my friend, is not invincible. Yesterday I was helpless; this morning at seven o'clock I was to see you; and here I am—sound, too. It was only to say, Get thee behind me, Satan! and I could walk as well as you. From which I conclude that my rheumatism, if it had existence outside my own imagination, was Satan in disguise."

F. Chevreuse pressed the arm he had taken, and they walked on together a little way in silence. The news his brother priest had heard need not be spoken of. His silent sympathy and companionship were enough.

"Has it ever occurred to you that the saints must have been considered in their day rather disreputable people?" the elder priest asked presently. "Leaving violent persecution out of the question, what a raising of eyebrows, and shrugging of shoulders, and how many indulgent smiles, and looks of mild surprise, and cold surprise, and gentle dismay, and polite disapprobation, and all that they must have occasioned!"

By which I understand," remarked the other, "that somebody has refused to fly in the face of society at your request."

"Taken with the usual allowance required by your interpretations of me, that is true," F. Chevreuse admitted.

His friend smiled. There was always this little pretence of feud between them, and each admired the other heartily, though the Frenchman was unconventional to a fault, and the Irishman scrupulously polished. A fastidious taste and a cautious self-control, learned in a large and varied experience of life, stood in constant ward over F. O'Donovan's warm heart and high spirit. F. Chevreuse, in his trustful ardor, was constantly bruising himself on the rocks; his friend looked out for and steered clear of them, yet not with a selfish nor ungenerous caution.

"Brother Chevreuse," he said in a voice to which he could impart an almost irresistible persuasiveness, "you are older and wiser than I am, and I only remind you of what you know when I say that conventionality is not to be reprobated. It is the rule, to which, indeed, exceptions are allowed, but not too readily. You speak of the saints as though they were all persons who have lived before the world peculiar and exceptional lives. Of course, even while I speak, you remember that the Church does not pretend to have canonized all her holy children, and that she has appointed a day to commemorate those who have won the heavenly crown without drawing upon themselves the attention of mankind. I do not believe that any breath of slander or of injurious criticism ever touched Our Blessed Lady. She used every care to preserve herself from them. Why should not women be as careful now, even at the risk of seeming to be selfishly cautious? Is the high reputation which they have labored to acquire to be lightly perilled even for an apparently good end? Besides, in performing that one good act, they may, by drawing criticism on themselves, have lost the power to perform another effectually. You defend an accused person, never having done so before, and you may save him. Do it a second time, and people will say, 'Oh! he is always defending criminals'; and your power is gone."

"It is hard to see a person wrongly accused, and not protest against the wrong," F. Chevreuse said gravely.

"It is more than hard, it is wicked," the other replied with earnestness. "But first be sure that the person is innocent; and then, having ascertained that, try to recollect, my dear friend, that you alone are not to right all the wrongs of earth. Some must be endured, some must be rectified by others than you. And, after all, I am inclined to believe that, as a rule, no innocent person falls into serious difficulty without having been faulty in some way, as regards prudence, at least. Now, how is such a person to learn wisdom by experience, if there is always somebody at his elbow to save him from the consequences of his own act. It is not pleasant to be obliged to check a generous impulse in ourselves or in others; and it is no pleasant act, when we are in trouble to be left to fight our way out of it alone. But if we are always performing works of supererogation, we may unfit ourselves for performing duties. And as to finding our track, unassisted, through difficult ways, and learning by sharp experience how to avoid them, it develops our inward resources, and is good for us, though bitter."

The last words were delivered with an incisive emphasis so delicate as to be observable only in one who seldom spoke with emphasis, and it touched the listener deeply. F. O'Donovan never complained, and he had never made any special revelations to his friends; but one who knew his life could not doubt that he had learned to take his very sleep in armor. He had risen from poverty and obscurity, as the sparks rise; he had borne the jealousy of those whom he left behind, and of those he had obliged in his higher estate; he had been compelled to control in himself a haughty spirit and a tender heart; yet had never made a misstep of any consequence, nor given his most jealous detractor an angry word to remember.

His place was in a metropolitan church; but, at his own request, he had been sent for a time to a quiet

country parish, that he might have leisure to complete a literary work for which city life and the demands of a host of admirers were too distracting.

He had followed F. Chevreuse from his own house to the prison, and from the prison to Mrs. Gerald's, and he understood perfectly what he would wish to do and where he had been disappointed. Honora had, indeed, told him, half weeping, of the request she had refused, and had proposed to make him the bearer of her retraction.

"To think I should have set up my sense of right against his!" she exclaimed. "To think that I should have refused him anything!"

And yet, though she was sincere in her regret, she was greatly relieved when F. O'Donovan declined to carry her message, assuring her that F. Chevreuse would doubtless, on second thought, approve of her refusal. To have sent a direct message to a man who stood before the world charged with a horrible crime, and, perhaps, to have received a message in return from him—to have placed herself thus in communication with one of the most darkly accused inmates of that jail which she had passed frequently during her whole life without ever dreaming of crossing the threshold, even for a work of mercy—the very possibility plunged Miss Pembroke into confusion and distress. The regions of crime were as far removed from her experience as the regions that lie outside of human life; and, of herself, she would as soon have thought of following any one to purgatory as to prison.

That scrupulous correctness and propriety which we admire in these fair women, whose whole lives are passed in the delicately screened cloisters of the world, shows sometimes, a reverse not so admirable. They are seldom the friends in need; and when a fearless heroism is wanted, they do not come forward. They draw back instinctively those garments they have been at pains to preserve so white from contact with the blood-stained, dusty One who goes staggering by with the thorns on his head and the cross on his shoulders. A look of pity and horror may follow him from the safe place where they stand; but it is not they who pierce their way through the rabble, with Veronica, to take the imprint of his misery on to their stainless, nor they who weep around his tomb through dews and darkness, careless of the world in their unspeakable sorrow, and floating above the world in the unspeakable ecstasy to which that sorrow gives place. No, the charity of the human angel is limited. Only the angels of God, and those generous souls whose anguish of pity for the suffering is a constantly purifying fire, can go down into the darker paths of life and receive no stain.

"I am glad F. O'Donovan came," Mrs. Gerald remarked, when their second visitor left them. "I feel better for being reassured by him. Of course, we all know that we cannot throw ourselves away for everybody, as dear F. Chevreuse's impulse is; yet he is so good, so much better than any one else, one feels almost guilty in not following him every step he wishes. His utter unselfishness and generosity are very disturbing to one sometimes; for we must think of ourselves."

"It is well for the world that there are those who see no such necessity," Miss Pembroke replied briefly.

Her companion said nothing more for a moment. She had been conscious that Honora was not satisfied, but had preferred to take no notice of it, and to quiet her without seeming aware that she needed quieting.

"Poor Mr. Schoningher!" she said presently. "I pity him with all my heart. It is, of course, impossible to believe that this arrest is anything but a mistake which will soon be corrected. Still, the affair must be very painful to him. How indignant Lawrence will be! I wish he might hear nothing of it till he comes home, for I really think he would come sooner if he knew what has happened. He thought a good deal of Mr. Schoningher."

"Yes, it must soon be corrected," repeated Honora, passing over the rest. "I cannot imagine on what grounds the arrest was made; but some are ready to believe of a stranger what they would never listen to if said to one they knew. One might paralyze that proverb about the absent, and say that the foreigner is always wrong. Only imagine what it must be. Mrs. Gerald"—Honora's brown eyes dilated with a sort of terror,— "imagine what it must be to find one's self in trouble and disgrace alone in a foreign land. No person has any special interest in the stranger; no one knows him well enough to defend him; his reputation is a bubble that the first breath may break; and if he is wrong, no one understands what excuses may be made for him. Fancy

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Lawrence along country, and crime."

Mr. Gerald he sympathy; but retrace her face

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JANUARY 7, 1893.

Lawrence alone in some European country, and arrested for a great crime."

Mr. Gerald had listened at first with sympathy; but at the name of Lawrence her face changed.

"My dear Honora," she said with decision, "I cannot possibly imagine my son, no matter how far away, nor how friendless he might be—I cannot imagine him being arrested on a charge of robbery and murder! It is too great a flight of fancy, and too unjust. But that does not prevent my pitying Mr. Schoninger."

Mrs. Gerald would not have shown such asperity, probably, had her son never given people anything to forgive in him. Tremblingly alive to his faults, she gladly seized on any charge which it was possible to cast indignantly aside.

Honora perceived too well her feelings and the mistake that she herself had made to be in the least annoyed at the reply. It may be that she understood better than ever before what might be the pain of one whose affections are engaged by an object which has not her entire approval. Not that she loved Mr. Schoninger, or for a moment fancied that she did: it was only that he had come near enough to excite her imagination on the subject of love.

"Fortunately," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "the people of Crichton are liberal."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Old Old Story.

The latest "escape" that we have account of is John Dennis Daly, who has been performing on the Pacific coast. John Dennis claims to be an ex-priest and "a brand snatched from the burning." As usual, he began by having his doubts about some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Doubt soon led to conviction, and conviction led to absolute separation from the Church communion. Of course he was promptly taken up by the Methodists of San Francisco and Oakland. They asked no questions. They accepted his story without investigation or inquiry, and got swindled as usual.

Mr. Daly told his auditors that as a boy he had grave doubts. "As a boy," he says, "I was in the 'Romish' seminary, and I was greatly troubled by the inconsistencies around me." Notwithstanding these doubts, he took orders and was a priest for fourteen years, as he confesses. Doubtless he would still be in the ministry had he not fallen a victim to his appetite for strong drink.

After lecturing to the good people near the Golden Gate for some time, Mr. Daly took a vacation. He returned to his old haunts, the saloons, and proceeded to fill up. The Baptist fraternity, who had taken him up and who had paid him liberally for his attacks on the Catholic Church, were puzzled by his absence. Days passed, and he appeared not to keep his engagements. The sensational members of the Church, with an eye to business, proceeded to declare that he had been smuggled off by the Catholics and assassinated. One of these men—Mr. Davie—granted an interview to a reporter, and during the course of it the following dialogue ensued.

"I believe they've done him up."

"Whom do you refer to?" he was asked.

"Why, the Catholics, of course," replied Mr. Davie; "who else would attempt it?"

"It was Rev. Davie's intention," continued Mr. Davie, "to locate here, and on the day he was in my office he was very much elated over his lecture of the night previous."

"When in San Francisco to day I called at police headquarters and was shown the billy found on the Tivoli steps the other night. The Italians who were thought to have carried it are probably Catholics, as most Italians are and especially low ones."

"Of course I don't say that these men had anything to do with Rev. Davie's disappearance, but then everything looks strange, and, in fact, it's a mysterious case all around, and I intend to investigate it thoroughly."

While Mr. Davie was thus speculating, Mr. Daly was in the city toms "sleeping off a jag," according to a local report. He had been arrested by a policeman for drunken and disorderly conduct on the streets, and had been locked up. This another shining star in the evangelistic galaxy has been dimmed, and another genteel swindle has been practised on the collectors of "escapes" and other freaks.—Boston Republic.

At this season of the year cold in the head resulting in Catarrh is alarmingly prevalent. As a precautionary measure a bottle of Nasal Balm should be kept in every household. It speedily relieves and permanently cures the worst cases of cold in the head and catarrh. All dealers or by mail on receipt of 50c. for small, or \$1 for large bottle. G. T. Falford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Father Murphy's Sermons

(ALBA.)

Susan O'Donnell was the daughter of an Irish laborer whose wife had died leaving him with a considerable family, of whom Susan was the eldest. As his earnings were none too large—chiefly because of slack intervals—it was necessary, as well as reasonable, that his children should do for themselves as soon as possible; and Susan being the eldest, set the example by hiring out as housemaid to one of the smaller towns in honor of the lady of their love. He dealt with the innumerable "whys," of Protestants, and even of some Catholics, as, "Why should the Church attach a blessing or an indulgence to such miserable trifles—

to a bit of rag, a morsel of green stuff, a drop of water, a threepenny candle? Why should she attach any importance at all to some trifling detail, as, for instance, to whether I say the Angelus standing or kneeling—as if the prayer were not equally good either way? If there is a Jubilee, why must I recite the necessary prayers in three different churches instead of only in one? And why must it be in these or those particular churches, instead of any other?"

In replying to all this cavilling, Father Murphy recalled how Almighty God rebuked Moses for striking the rock twice when He told him to strike it once; how He also rebuked him for striking it at all when He bade him speak to it; how He punished the prophet for turning out of the way when He had commanded him not to turn to the right or left. He reminded his hearers of the occasion on which our Lord anointed the eyes of a blind man with clay made with spittle, and then commanded him to go and bathe in the pool of Siloam.

"The objectors of that day," continued the good Father, "doubtless said why did the Lord not restore the blind man without all that? Was not His Omnipotent Word sufficient: of what use was the clay; what better was the water of Siloam than any other water? When the prophet Elisha, divinely inspired, directed Naaman, the leper, to dip seven times in the river Jordan, the Syrian did actually fire up on a similar ground. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel? He might also, according to the same view, have added: 'If the waters of Jordan possess any miraculous virtue, why must I dip seven times? Why will not once do just as well?'"

"Numberless instances recorded in Holy Writ," said Father Murphy in conclusion, "serve to show beyond a doubt that there is some deep mystery and divine wisdom in this pointed selection of small and trifling things as channels of grace. He who created our being, perceives in fallen human nature some vice to which these despised trifles and littlenesses are the antidote. That vice is—Pride, the very root of evil, the very vice of the devils. It is our pride which makes us revolt against them. 'Shall I be beholden to the virtue attached to a bit of bread, or a string of beads? As if I were a baby! These things are only fit for old women and little children! Well, does not our Lord say—Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven?'"

The congratulations which the good priest received on his breathlessly listened to instruction, were as gratifying as unexpected. The first reached him on his way down the pulpit-stair, in the shape of an audible whisper from a boy of about twelve or thirteen years, who sat with his mother—a recent convert—in a pew close by. The boy was a Protestant, whose leanings towards Catholicity had been nipped in the bud by the ill-manners of some archbishops who had occupied service time in wantonly crowding and ebbing him out of the pew, instead of mingling in a proceeding which had caused the youth to take his hat and walk out of the church. Since that time, he had attended his mother, certainly, but with more regularity than good-will. It therefore consoled both mother and priest to hear him whisper:

"If that ain't just the nicest sermon I ever listened to! I'll be a Catholic now, mother."

The next critique came to the good Father on the following day, from an old Irishman. "An sure, an 'tis your reverence that gave us the fine sermon last night! I've been a Catholic these fifty years, an' I niver understood them things rightly before."

"Why, Patrick, you must have heard them explained often."

"Well, remember once in a while; but 'tis hard to remember, yer riverence; 'tis hard to remember."

Number three came from a Protestant gentleman who frequented the church chiefly because of his strong personal liking for the priest. His remarks were the more encouraging that he was a man of fine intelligence and considerable learning.

You hit the nail on the head very happily in that sermon," he remarked. "It is a subject on which there is a vast amount of misconception among non-Catholics, and, I imagine, of considerable practical use to your own people. Such instructions are a very different thing from the parading of reported miracles, as is sometimes done by your press, with, I think, indifferent taste. Occurrences of that nature, even if true, have but little argumentative value except to eye-witnesses; and to lift them above the plane of vulgar imposture would require an authoritative process of authentication. I confess that for myself I gained many new ideas from your discourse of Sunday evening. It is the right end to begin at, if you wish to make converts. The great doctrines of your Church are more easily expounded, and more readily accepted. It is the small things—if I may so speak—that stick in our Protestant throats."

"I believe you are right," replied Father Murphy. "The subject was, of course, too extensive to be more than skimmed in a single sermon; but its practical value is great from many points of view. I will recur to it from time to time."

The Atmosphere of Home.

Catholic Columbian.

A home is what a woman makes it, a daughter is, nine cases out of every ten, the reflection of her mother. The training of the girl of fifteen is shown in the woman of fifty. A son may, by contact with the rough world, sometimes outlive his early home influences—a daughter rarely does. The world has a sharp way of teaching its truths to a girl. Is it not far better, then, that her mother should tell her that that sweet and sympathetic grace and gentleness which only a mother knows? Let the world build upon your foundation, but do you lay the story. Any builder will tell you that the whole strength of a house depends upon its foundation. The flowers most beautiful to the eye and sweetest to the smell grew in good soil. The world's noblest women have sprung from good homes.

ATMOSPHERE OF HOME.

The home atmosphere, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle, is so largely dependent on the character of the mistress that she ought often to think of how she can increase her influence right in her own family circle. How many homes are totally ruined by a faultfinding, tempestuous, discontented woman, a type altogether too common, even in very well-to-do abodes. Why, I spent a day last summer in a family where the fearful peevishness of the mother, never in a manner, her voice being the most disagreeable I ever heard. When some thing unusually annoying happens, the rest of the family sneak off in different directions to avoid the stormy scenes which they know will follow.

Envy, temper and discontent are inconsistent with everyday or commonplace happiness, and it is such a sad sight to see what might be a happy circle ruined by the disposition of one person. The envious, disgruntled type sees nothing even in her own surroundings to cause happiness. She is always comparing her lot with another's, and wishing she might have the belongings of larger wealth. The only way to have a happy home is for the presiding genius there to learn to make the most of all it offers, to make the home interior as comfortable and charming as means will allow, to so live herself as to draw out the best traits of her husband, her children and her friends. To do this day after day she must try herself to be a lovely character, to guard against those common faults—discontent, lack of self-control and peevishness.

Our Most Faithful Friends.

We all need friends. There is nothing sadder to be said of any creature than that he is friendless; and there is no heart so cold, so narrow, that it does not warm at the presence or promise of a friendship. We all lean our weight upon our friends sometimes, even the strongest natures amongst us, and though every one of us has learned the bitterness of feeling this support slip away from beneath the hand just when we need it most, yet even we do not reach us wisdom, and well for ourselves, in truth that it does not better, far better, the pain of disappointment, than that cold, insolent selfishness that refuses to trust humanity at all, because it has found it human. We must trust each other for kindness; we must call upon each other for help sometimes. And when we have found a friend as true as this world holds, let us try to realize our blessing and thank God for it.

Happy is the girl who makes a confidant of her mother. Never will she find a more disinterested friend, one who is more willing to sacrifice for her, and whose love lacks every element of selfishness. Fortunately, indeed, is the mother who holds her daughter's confidence and who is ever ready to offer sympathy. Strange as it may seem to men folk, the girls have many trials and tribulations. Their feelings are frequently hurt by petty annoyances, and they often need sympathetic and wise counsel. It is a sad necessity that compels young women to seek confidence and sympathy outside the home circle. Often this is because of the coolness of the home atmosphere, because parents forget that to love and be loved are the most natural attributes of the woman heart.

1892. "The Cream of the Havana Crop." "La Cadena" and "La Flora" brand of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit this to be the case. The connoisseur knows it. S. Davis & Sons, Montreal.

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The Mother Bird's Love.

"When my mother was a little girl," writes Miss May Wilson, "she lived in Virginia, near the Potomac river. One bright May morning she mounted her pony and started for a ride with her father. Soon their road brought them to the edge of the woods near the river. They saw a thin cloud of smoke rising from the woods, and the smell of burning leaves was in the air. They stopped to watch the fire. What cry did they hear? Above them, a fish hawk is slowly flying and making cries as if she were in trouble. Near them is an old oak—its dead trunk is covered with the stems of last year's vines—and among the top-most boughs is a nest. Round and round that nest flew the fish-hawk. Her little brood were lying in the nest, and the mother-bird knew that they were in danger. Swiftly the flames drew nearer to the oak. They seized upon the vines that clung to it. Quickly they mounted this light ladder. The fish hawk ceased her cries and flew to the nest. With her beak she pulled out the blazing bits of wood and straw. Long she fought against the fire, till at last she saw that she could not save her little ones. What will she do now? There is but one thing left for her to do. She can die with them. So, circling round and round, the mother-bird sunk slowly down upon her nest, covered her brood with her wings, and was burned to death. So sweet and strong and self-forgetting is mother love! My mother looked up and saw tears in her father's eyes. They turned their horses and rode slowly home. But the bright May morning had suddenly grown dull and dim."

The Paris correspondent of the London Times is authority for the statement that Prince Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III., in an attempt to overthrow the Pope's rule in 1852, became a Trappist monk, and died recently at Aiguebelle, an exemplary member of that renowned and austere religious order.

A Business Education Pays. For particulars concerning a Business or shorthand education we would advise any young man or woman to write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., principal of the Peterborough Business College, Peterborough.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, application will be made for an Act to incorporate the society known as "The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada," the objects of which society are to unite fraternally all persons entitled to membership under the constitution and by-laws of the society; to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and disburse a benefit and a reserve fund, from which a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars shall be paid to each member in good standing, his beneficiary or legal representatives, according to the constitution and by-laws of the society.

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishop of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Peterborough, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning. Arrears must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, January 7, 1893.

THE NEW-FANGLED THEOLOGY.

The Latitudinarian theological professors who are cropping out in such numbers from the Protestant seminaries throughout the United States seem not to be terrified by the heresies now in progress in which theological professors figure so largely.

Professor Egbert Smith, of Andover, recently expressed his indignation against the Congregational Mission Board for refusing to send six young ministers to the mission field because of their laxity of belief on doctrines the most fundamental in Christianity.

A statement of belief has been published by one of the ministers, in which he professes, indeed, to believe in "the divineness" of Christ, "not because of the stories of His birth or His miraculous deeds, or His ascension to heaven, but because in His life I see in deeper colors and truer proportions the divine humanity I have already recognized in my fellow-men."

In other words, this so-called Christian teacher acknowledges the divinity of Christ, only in the sense in which all pious persons are god-like or divine; and it would appear that this is the doctrine which is inculcated upon the generation of ministers who are being educated in Andover Theological Seminary.

On the inspiration of Holy Scripture the same teacher declares that "All truth is from God. The scientist, the sage, and the poet are as truly inspired as the prophet or apostle."

We may judge from this of the kind of Christian teaching which is palatable to the congregation of Brooklyn tabernacle, as it has grown up with the doctrines instilled into it by the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

This new fangled theology which is making such strides among the Protestant Churches of the day is now styled by its advocates "Advanced Criticism," or "Progressive Orthodoxy." The progressiveness simply consists in this, that its progress is towards atheism.

It is, of course, one of the doctrines of this new theological school that all men will finally be saved, whatsoever may be their creed; or perhaps we ought rather to state this doctrine in the form that there is no everlasting punishment for the sinner; for when the supernatural is entirely eliminated from a religion, we cannot conceive that there can be any belief in

an actual heaven. This denial of the existence of a hell is a very natural consequence of the denial of any obligation to believe in any special Christian doctrines. But we must say we cannot conceive of any valid reason why these ministers who were denied their request to be sent as missionaries to the heathen, should be so indignant at the refusal; for if all men are to be finally saved, the heathen cannot be in any much worse condition than Christians, and there is no great need of missionaries to convert them to Christianity. We presume that the Brooklyn Congregationalists took this view of the subject also, though their chief motive for the step they have taken seems to have been indignation against the Mission Board for passing by ministers whose views were like their own.

DYNAMITARDS AT WORK.

A dynamite outrage has been perpetrated at Dublin which has caused a sensation and created a general indignation which has not been equalled since the Phoenix Park atrocity when Mr. Burke was murdered. The outrage took place on Christmas eve at 11 o'clock p. m.

The explosion occurred beneath the window of the detective department of police. There were few persons on the street, but detective Synnot, who had just been discharged from hospital, was passing when the outrage took place, and was killed on the spot. His face was mangled, his arm and leg shattered, and a severe wound was inflicted on his chest.

The walls of the detective office were cracked and the windows and window-frames badly broken.

There appears to be little doubt that the outrage was the work of some incendiary, and the verdict of the jury which sat on the case was to this effect. It is said that recently the London police received a vague warning that preparations were being made for a series of new dynamite outrages, and that the subsequent vigilance of the police caused the dynamitards to change their plans and perpetrate the outrages in Dublin.

The funeral of detective Synnot took place on the 28th ult. and was attended by one of the largest crowds ever seen at a Dublin funeral, and it is announced that there is universal indignation felt in the city against the guilty parties. Among the condemnations which have been expressed against this outrage, there is one by the executive members of the Irish National League of Great Britain, who, at a meeting in London, adopted a resolution declaring that they view it with abhorrence, and that it emanated from the enemies of Home Rule.

A meeting of the citizens of Cork was also held at which the Mayor presided, and on motion of Mr. Maurice Healy, M. P., a resolution was passed expressing "detestation and condemnation of the atrocious outrage, and the hope that in the interest of our common country the authors of so terrible an offence against the Irish cause may be speedily detected and brought to condign punishment."

We cannot conceive that any section of the Nationalists should sympathize with the perpetrators. It was a most dastardly and criminal act which must be condemned without reserve. The comments of the London Tory press upon it are by no means justified. Thus the Standard is reported as saying:

"This crime should serve to convince Mr. Morley of the futility of the hopes he has based upon the policy of conciliation. It has rather spoiled the effect of the pretty device of allowing the Gweedore murderers to return to their families before Christmas."

It is by no means certain that this outrage is the work of Irish Nationalists of any stripe. The efforts of the police to discover the author have so far been quite unsuccessful, and there does not appear to be much hope entertained that the guilty persons will be discovered. But, considering the kind of work in which the Anarchists of Great Britain have been discovered to be engaged, it is not at all unlikely that the outrage proceeded from them, and not from Irish Nationalists at all.

The language of the Standard, and similar language of the London Times is therefore both unjust and ungenerous.

There is a possibility that the outrage is an act of private revenge; but in any case the people of Ireland are not responsible for it; and we hope that under no circumstances will it be allowed to interfere with the generous intentions of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party to give Ireland that measure of justice which has been promised to her.

A FANATIC'S RAVINGS.

Glendower. I can call spirits from the vasty deep. Hotspur. Why, so can I, or so can any man. But will they come when you do call for them? —Shakespeare.

It would appear that the Rev. Dr. Douglas, principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, imagines that the whole machinery of the Government of Canada depends, or ought to depend, upon his invocation of the spirits of the vasty deep, and so from time to time he calls them up after the mock-heroic manner of Owen Glendower. But the people of the Dominion seem quite as indisposed to be hypnotized by him as was Glendower's audience.

Our readers will remember, the venemous attack made upon Sir John Thompson by the Montreal parson last summer towards the close of the Methodist Conference at Tilsonburg.

He then invoked all the latent bigotry which he supposed to exist in the breasts of his co-religionists, and of Protestants generally, to prevent the possibility of the advancement of Sir John Thompson to the Premiership of the Dominion. He did not precisely say that his opposition was based upon the fact that the latter is a Catholic, but it was because he was supposed to be a tool in the hands of Jesuits, who were represented as being always on the watch to seize control of the Government of the country.

It is now apparent that the spirit of bigotry evoked by Dr. Douglas did not respond to his call; or if it was somewhat stirred up by the invocation, it was not sufficiently potent to work out the plot which the chief juggler intended.

The course of events has brought Sir John Thompson to the very position which Dr. Douglas said he must never fill. It is certainly not on account of his religion that Sir John Thompson is now Premier of the Dominion, but because his acknowledged ability and integrity marked him out as the statesman by all means the most suitable in his party for the responsible position. Dr. Douglas takes occasion once again to speak publicly in a similar strain to that by which he made himself the laughing-stock of the country last summer, the only difference observable being that he is now even more bitter than before.

It would not do for Dr. Douglas to say that a statesman must be ostracized when he is a Catholic. The A. P. A. of the United States takes this stand against the appointment of Catholics to any official position, but in Canada, where Catholics constitute so large a proportion of the population, such a contention could be only treated as contemptible, and this the doctor himself acknowledges in the following terms:

"It is insanity to suppose that the representatives of 41 per cent. of our population can be excluded from the highest political office in the gift of the crown when worthy and trusted men come to the front."

Hence the doctor is forced to put his objection against Sir John Thompson ostensibly on some other ground than the fact that he is a Catholic, and the grounds that he has taken are, 1st, That he is not an ordinary Catholic, brought up in his faith from infancy, but a convert; and, 2ndly, that he had his children educated by Jesuit teachers.

If Catholics were merely an inconsiderable minority in the land, we might indeed see the injustice if we were to be ostracized on any such grounds; but the injustice would have to be endured.

These are matters which every man has the right to judge according to his own conscience. Still, if Catholics were merely an inconsiderable minority in the land it might be possible for a fanatical party to carry out a policy of ostracism and persecution, and though the injustice would be glaring, it might be necessary to endure it, if inflicted; but as the case stands it certainly need not and shall not be endured. The sooner Mr. Douglas recognizes this the better will it be for his own influence.

We are glad to be able to state that the fanaticism of the Methodist Professor is not encouraged by his co-religionists generally. The Montreal Witness is almost alone in trying to give importance to his denunciations. Referring to them editorially that journal says:

"The thunder roll of Dr. Douglas' denunciations will again resound through all the provinces, and while it lasts the most thoughtful will grow serious. It is only a newspaper interview, but we think of Demosthenes against Philip, or Cicero against Cataline: 'How long O Cataline wilt

thou continue to abuse our patience,' etc.

The Witness is always ready to give its approbation to any proposal to persecute Catholics, and we are not surprised that it should approve of Dr. Douglas' absurd propositions, but we cannot repress our amusement when we find it comparing the Montreal parson to the vehement Demosthenes and the elegant Cicero. The only wonder is that the spread-eagle oratory of the doctor is not declared by his eulogist to leave those orators of old far behind in brilliancy and common-sense.

We will here produce two or three gems from the last effort of this modern Cicero to show the appropriateness of the Witness' comparison. Here is one:

"You say I was widely criticised by the public press for words spoken at Tilsonburg. Yes, we always welcome criticism, however severe, though in truth, like Disraeli, he seldom read it."

The press may now pass into obscurity when it is thus despised by the Montreal Cicero. But perhaps if he had read the press he would have learned sense enough to respect the almost universal condemnation of his bigotry, to which even Methodists, like Mr. Coatsworth, M. P., of Toronto, have already given expression. Perhaps Mr. Douglas has lost more than the press by his contempt for it.

Our next quotation will be of another kind. It is a literary jewel: "You say it is claimed that Protestants aided in bringing him out. Protestants! yes, verily. In the language of the old dramatist: I am prompted to say: 'Egad, Sir Yorick, them the chaps as daz our sloppy work when they gets summat for it.'"

We will here add a new sin against religion which Dr. Douglas has invented. It is a mortal sin, according to his code of ethics, for an Orangeman to have social or friendly intercourse with a Catholic, thus:

"We have seen it ostentatiously announced that an ex Grand Master of the Orange Order was yachting with the disciple of Loyola, doubtless with the design of spectacularly influencing the sturdy Protestants of Ontario and elsewhere to ultimately accept as innocuous the man who has done more to strengthen Jesuitism in the land than any in his generation."

Thus speaks the Demosthenes or Cicero whom the Montreal Witness so much admires. We doubt whether Athens and Rome would have put much confidence in their orators if their utterances had no better foundation in common sense than have Dr. Douglas' fanatical outbreaks at Tilsonburg and his latest one in the form of a newspaper interview.

The Empire of the 26th ult. very aptly says that

"For a long time the age and infirmities of Rev. Dr. Douglas have been allowed to protect him from the punishment which his abusive and bitter references to Sir John Thompson undoubtedly deserved. There has been a disposition to pass over his un-Christian and intolerant remarks as the regrettable indiscretions of a broken man."

Further down it adds that

"The time has come when... it is well, perhaps, that Methodists who have too long had to bear the onus of even tolerating bigotry so cruel and obstinate, breathing as it does a vindictiveness utterly abhorrent to the broad minded earnest Christians who form that religious community, should at last see the offence in its true light, and deplore it as they will undoubtedly do."

Dr. Douglas' wanton attack is all the less pardonable that it was made on Christmas eve, when the message was brought to earth by angels: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

THE BAPTIST MINISTRY.

We have received from a gentleman in Minot, North Dakota, Mr. W. J. Sparks, who is perhaps a Baptist minister, a communication complaining that we "infer that the Baptists are untrue to their principles by allowing Dr. Pierson, being unbaptized, to administer the communion."

Mr. Sparks corrects this as follows: "I believe you will find that Dr. Pierson does not administer any of the ordinances. Rev. James Spurgeon has been appointed to fulfill all the pastoral duties and to administer the communion. If you have been guilty of a misstatement I am sure you will correct it."

We certainly had no intention to misstate what the congregation of the late Rev. Mr. Spurgeon of the London, England, Tabernacle have done. We merely recorded the fact which has been published far and near that the Rev. Dr. Pierson, a Presbyterian minister who was never baptized in the Baptist fashion, was called to take pastoral charge of the Tabernacle. We cannot say whether or not full pastoral charge was given to him, but we took it for granted that the pastor of the flock was doing pastoral duty. We

cannot see that if a division of labor has been arranged between Rev. Messrs. Spurgeon and Pierson, the case is made any the less absurd, though it would seem that the idea of having the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon called in to take part of the duties was simply an afterthought.

The fact remains that the congregation called in a minister who neither believes nor practices the Baptist doctrine to teach them religious truth, and, we believe, also to administer the sacraments.

We still maintain that there is an incongruity in having a minister in a Baptist congregation, who glories in proclaiming his belief in the Westminster Confession, which declares that the doctrines of Presbyterianism, which Baptists reject, are alone the true religion of Christ.

We do not regard it as of much consequence whether Rev. Dr. Pierson or Rev. Dr. Spurgeon administers the Communion. Neither of the two gentlemen possesses the orders requisite in the Christian ministry, which must come by succession from the Apostles to be valid; for "no man taketh the honor to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was." (Heb. v. 4.)

FURTHER RITUALISTIC DEVELOPMENTS.

Another case of Ritualism of a most decisive character is reported by the New York Herald of December 26. The service was the first thoroughly Ritualistic one which took place in the church concerning which it is reported, viz., the church of the Redeemer, in which Rev. Henry A. Adams is pastor.

This church has been noted, however, as having been attended by extreme Ritualists, and usages have been adopted from time to time which are held by Low-Churchmen to be objectionable; but on Christmas day the climax was reached by the open celebration of several Ritualistic so-called Masses. Incense was lavishly used, a crucifix was borne in procession, and candles were lighted on the table, which is now named the "altar." It is stated that with a very few exceptions the whole congregation were favorable to the innovation, and it is said that even these do not strongly object.

Thirty or forty persons left the church during the celebration. It is asserted, however, that these were strangers who wished to be absent during the Communion. They desired to be spectators, but not participants.

A so-called Low Mass was celebrated at 6:30 o'clock a. m., Matins at 10:30 o'clock and High Mass at 11 o'clock.

The chasuble used was a new one of cream color, beautifully embroidered with gold, and was the gift of a gentleman who takes great interest in the church.

In the procession, a banner of the Blessed Virgin Mary was a conspicuous object.

The preacher of the day, Rev. Mr. Johnson, declared that the reason for the change which had taken place was that "the forms of worship had become as devoid of life as the mummies in the Central Park Museum."

It is beyond doubt that the clergy of this Church believe in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, as the ceremonies introduced would otherwise have no meaning. Like many other clergymen of the Anglican Church they have discovered that the doctrine of the Real Presence was always the doctrine of the Church of Christ, from the time of the Apostles, and they have therefore adopted it as part of their belief.

But if they had examined the whole matter carefully they would have found that it is equally the ancient doctrine that to have the Real Presence a succession of priests is requisite coming down from the Apostles also. This they do not possess, and the supposed Real Presence which they imagine they have in Episcopalians so-called Masses is an illusion. Anglicanism itself has never claimed it; though recently a section or party in the Church have done so. This fact of itself is enough to show that Anglicanism has neither a priesthood, a sacrifice of the Mass, nor a Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. To obtain these the gentlemen who are simply playing at Catholicity should become actual members of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church in communion with and subject to the successor of St. Peter.

Every trial is sent to teach us something, and altogether they have a lesson which is beyond the power of any to teach alone. But if they came to learn nothing, we should break down and

MGR. SATOLLIS MISSION.

The mission of Archbishop Satolli to the United States has already been productive of many happy results, not only in the settlement of several controversies between Bishops and priests, but also in the official enunciation of the position taken by the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. on the relations between Church and State in regard to the school question.

There are in the United States ninety dioceses, comprising within their limits about ten million Catholics. In so extensive a field it would be surprising if there were not differences of opinion regarding the application of even undisputed principles, and in fact though on the subject of the necessity of a Catholic education for the children of Catholics there is no debate, there has been a large amount of discussion as to the manner in which it is possible to reconcile Catholic convictions with the authority assumed by the State in establishing a purely secular system of Public schools.

In Fairbault and Stillwater, two towns in the diocese of Archbishop Ireland, a *modus vivendi* was established, which excited considerable discussion, on which we made some comments at the time, to the effect that Archbishop Ireland had properly approved of the plan there adopted as the most feasible under the peculiar situation in which Catholics were placed in the localities named. Owing to the opposition of fanatics, however, it was since found necessary to abandon the agreement arrived at between the Catholic and Public school authorities, and the parochial schools have been again opened in both places. The experiment, however, has proved that it is possible to come to an arrangement with the State whereby Catholic schools can be conducted under State supervision, if the Catholic school authorities are left free to give such religious education as they deem necessary, and when the expediency of Archbishop Ireland's experiment was called into question by some writers, that eminent prelate had the satisfaction of having his experiment approved by the pronouncement of the Holy Father, that it could be tolerated — "posse tolerari." This is, of course, equivalent to saying that State aid and State supervision of schools are not to be condemned, provided that freedom for Catholic education be secured.

The pronouncement of Mgr. Satolli, which has been made public, confirms this view of the case. There are many localities both in Canada and the United States where it is impossible to establish Catholic schools, and Mgr. Satolli admonishes pastors, and especially the Bishops, to pay particular attention to provide means for instructing in their religion the children of Catholic parents who have not the opportunities which are afforded to those who are able to attend Catholic schools. The admonition is as applicable to Canada as to the United States; and though we know that most pastors are even now zealous in this matter, we are convinced that the admonitions of Mgr. Satolli will be followed by increased zeal on their part. They are admonished not to treat the children who are attending Public schools as if they were already irretrievably lost, but to use every effort to save them, paying special attention towards providing them with religious instruction.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our contemporary, the Hamilton Times, in dealing with the McGlynn case, takes what seems to us a very peculiar view, and indeed it is astonishing to note how frequently Protestant editorial writers get befogged when dealing with matters Catholic. Our Hamilton friend makes a mistake by claiming that Dr. McGlynn has been victorious. Concessions may have been made to him on minor matters, but on the main question in reference to the ownership of land, he must certainly have given heed to the teachings of the Church. Our contemporary will surely not claim that Catholic priests have a right to preach whatever they please, regardless of the voice of the Church, to which they have pledged obedience. When they get out of touch with its doctrines, why call them Savonarolas? If Professor Briggs is punished with excommunication from the Presbyterian fold, will he, too, become a Savonarola? Will all those other ministers who are now on trial for heresy before their Church courts blossom into Savonarolas when cut off from their folds? Were the editor of the Times to become a full-blown Protectionist, and were his services dispensed with by the

MISSION.

manager for that reason, would that make him a Savonarola? Not at all. A little reflection will, we feel assured, convince our contemporary that in the McGlynn case, as in all other matters, the old Church is always logical, and is verily the bulwark of modern civilization.

We have been favored with a letter from Dr. Barnardo, the frigid philanthropist and lazy philosopher whose business it is to garner the unlovely element from the streets of England's great cities and dump it upon the British colonies, Canada getting a share full to the brim and flowing over.

To a person who sends funds to Dr. Barnardo may well be applied the saying, "A fool and his money soon part." To show the utter untrustworthiness of the man we will quote just one sentence from his letter: "Children of many nationalities, not a few of them natives of the United States and Canada, find themselves adrift upon the streets of London."

A man who would make such a ridiculous statement as this must imagine he is talking to very simple people. We doubt not the schemes of such men as Barnardo will form a very powerful lever that will be used to advantage by the political unionists.

In an interview with an Empire reporter, the Rev. Dr. W. I. Shaw, of Montreal, who is a Professor in the Wesleyan Theological College, declared his dissent from the principle that a Catholic should not hold the Premiership of the Dominion.

As the professor is teaching in the same college in which Dr. Douglas is Principal he stated that he has a delicacy in being quoted as being in opposition to Dr. Douglas. Dr. Shaw has for many years given utterance to sentiments much more liberal than are entertained by most of his co-laborers in the Methodist ministry, and we are not surprised to find him now dissenting from the views sustained by his fanatical principal.

That Dr. Douglas' views are in accord with those of Methodist ministers generally appears to be sufficiently indicated by the fact that they were listened to with approval at the Tilsonburg Conference, and were not disavowed. Besides, his lecture in Tilsonburg was the second occasion when he addressed that Conference in about the same strain.

At the Church of England Congress recently held in Folkestone a paper was read on religious education, in which the testimony of Mr. Justice Mathew was quoted approvingly to the effect that owing to the want of moral and religious training in many public schools, the children are totally ignorant of any difference between right and wrong.

A Sunday-school teacher of thirty-six years' experience in Birmingham, and a member of the School Board for fifteen years, wrote that "the present generation seemed to be hopelessly ignorant of the fundamental truths of religion and the morals arising therefrom, and that the result of secular education is expressed in the one word 'disaster.'"

Such facts as these are a complete justification of the stand taken by the Catholic Church on behalf of religious instruction in the schools; though such a justification is scarcely needed, as reason itself ought to teach that such will be the consequence of purely secular teaching.

It is also stated that workers in the great towns and in the East End of London declare that in the absence of definite religious instruction they can make no progress whatever toward civilization.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone, in his reply to the Duke of Argyll's attack on the Liberal policy of Home Rule, stated that a Republican American in the front rank among the American statesmen had told him that of thirteen millions of voters who would cast their votes at the Presidential election not half a million would vote against Home Rule for Ireland if they had an opportunity to record their votes on the question.

The Tory press ridiculed the assertion; but Mr. Chancey M. Dawson has stated recently that he was the gentleman who had given Mr. Gladstone the information. He adds that he would now modify his statement. Further observation has convinced him that not one hundred thousand Americans, or less than four-fifths of a vote on every hundred, would be cast against Home Rule for Ireland.

According to the Courrier de St. Hyacinth, there is a strong repatriation movement among the French-Canadians now in the United States. In the district about St. Hyacinth one hundred and forty-six families have

returned during the three months of September, October and November, and fifty more were expected during December. As an indication of increasing prosperity, all Canadians should be glad to hear of such facts as these.

At the forthcoming meeting of the Quebec Legislature an application for incorporation will be made by a number of nuns who desire to form themselves into the "Institut des Freres Missionnaires de Marie."

The purpose of the organization is to celebrate the Mass daily, to institute novitiates, orphanages, schools, boarding-houses, workshops, schools of house-keeping, industrial schools, agricultural orphanages, establishments for the education of deaf and dumb, retreats and communities of women or girls, places of refuge, hospitals, leper houses, dispensaries, and asylums for infirm or aged women.

This is certainly a comprehensive plan of campaign. It is difficult to imagine what else the institute might do for Quebec except take over the Government. But it is not likely to attempt to encroach thus upon the domain of the Church.

The Mail appears to be blissfully unconscious of the fact that nuns do not celebrate Mass. With this exception, however, nearly all the good works which it enumerates are being carried on successfully by a religious order which is operating within a mile of the Mail office in Toronto.

These good ladies should be thanked for their perseverance and zeal in doing good, instead of being spoken of with disrespect and sneeringly as in the above extract.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

Establishment of the Convent in Perth and Introduction of the Sisters of Charity by the Most Rev. J. V. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston.

Special to THE CATHOLIC RECORD. In accordance with the arrangement made by His Grace the Archbishop with the pastor and people of Perth, on the 25th of November, the Most Rev. J. V. Cleary conducted the Rev. Mother Edward, Superior General of the Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence, Kingston, and six other Sisters to Perth, on St. Stephen's Day.

It was a civic holiday, and a large assemblage awaited the Archbishop and the Sisters at the railway depot in company with the Rev. Charles J. Duffus, the local pastor, Very Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier, of Brockville; Revs. M. J. Stanton, of Smith's Falls; P. A. Twohey, of Westport; M. O'Rourke, of Carleton Place; T. P. O'Connor, of Burgess; Charles Killeen, of Sharbot Lake, and Thomas Carey. The Archbishop presided at the evening devotions, attended by all the clergy. After the recital of the Rosary His Grace ascended the altar and delivered an instructive and edifying address to the congregation on the good work he had come to inaugurate that day, which, he promised, would be, under God's blessing, fruitful of abundant spiritual and also of social benefit to the people of Perth.

He enlarged on the paramount importance of religious education of youth, and explained how partial and imperfect is the system of education, introduced in defiance of the Christian world by atheism and infidelity, within the last century, and fostered by too many irreligious governments, more particularly by the atheistical. This system has for its main purpose the exclusion of all religious teaching from the schools, wherever this can be safely attempted, and consequently the development of the intellectual faculty only of the child. Even in regard of the training of the intellect alone, the omission of religious instruction and discipline renders the secular system of education fatally imperfect; since it leaves the youthful mind exposed to every form of pernicious error, having no solid basis for the less obvious truths of the moral order, which it professes to inculcate; nor any well-defined principle of discrimination between truth and falsehood in regard of history or philosophical lessons; nor any just and practical rule of discernment, other than arbitrary individual tastes and fancies, between virtue and vice, honor and dishonor, for youth's self-guidance through life's varied course, more especially in the daily recurring cases of conflict between selfishness and morality.

His Grace then proceeded to show how much more important it is for the good order of civil life and the attainment of man's destiny in this world and the world to come, which should be the main purpose of youthful education, that our moral nature should be developed in the right direction and carefully trained and cultivated. Apart altogether from the supernatural end of our existence, and in view solely of the present life, every parent contemplating the future of his child, and every wise citizen looking abroad upon the face of society, must recognize the supreme necessity of the moral training of our youth.

The brain and intellect must indeed be trained, instructed and properly informed on the several subjects, whose knowledge is requisite for a successful career in the world and in respect of this the schools provided by the Catholic Church in Canada, as in every other country, are equally efficient, and oftentimes superior to the schools supported by the state at the expense of the Catholic people, for merely secular education. But will not every parent desire to have his child thoroughly

grounded in the principles of morality that are to govern his conduct through life in all its varying conditions and circumstances? Will not every wise and good citizen readily acknowledge that intellectual smartness does not constitute the whole character of a man? When we distinguish one person from another as the better man, the more respectable man, the man more worthy of public confidence and social honor; do we not readily and almost instinctively give the preference to the man of well-established moral character, whose manners of life and whole demeanor are a living picture of the indwelling probity of his soul, of kindness, and truth, and justice, and goodness and charity towards his fellowmen? Is it not in this well-formed moral nature of the man that we find the good reason to believe that he will be steady in the hour of temptation, and will not barter high principle for personal aggrandizement? The truth is known to every one, high and low, to the illiterate as well as the highly cultured, that it is the heart that makes the man. For the heart of man is the centre of all these feelings, and desires, and promptings, and natural impulses, that, according as they are restrained or relaxed, rightly or wrongly directed, give to our whole being the character of viciousness or virtue, goodness or wickedness. And it is not in a single day or year that this corrupted human heart can be matured in virtuous form. Long years of discipline are required. The mystery of original sin is written most distinctly on the human heart. The infidel may talk with levity about the fall of our first parents, and the consequent corruption of the whole progeny of the first man. He may contradict the dogma as set forth in the inspired Book. But he cannot ignore the same dogma, as it is written in the delibably on man's heart. The most distinguished philosophers of Paganism, who had never seen the inspired Book, saw and acknowledged the mystery of the human heart, and finally declared it incomprehensible to unaided reason. They could not fathom the depth, nor measure the wide-spread agency of the principle of contradiction rooted in the moral constitution of man; and they came to the conclusion that the order of creation must have been at sometime and somehow disturbed, and that man could not have come in this self-contradictory condition from the hands of God. It needed divine revelation to unfold this mystery to us in the dogma of original sin. It exists and is a patent fact which must be taken into special account by every one of us in our self-government all the days of our lives, and it must be most particularly kept in view in framing systems for the education of our youth, that our intellect is darkened and dulled by sin, and our heart is most woefully corrupted, and is under the ever-present influence of a violent propensity to evil. Our good instincts and virtuous affections direct us upwards, and we would like to do what we ought to be, and to do what conscience tells us we ought to do; but we find it difficult to stand erect morally or to move heavenward on the lines appointed by God's law. From out the same heart whence issue our best affections, come also evil instincts, promptings and impulses, impeding the good and dragging us downwards to earth and the things of earth, and making it seem pleasant and good to close our eyes to the glorious destiny of our future and to surrender ourselves to the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life. To contract this corruption of the heart by implanting in its soil, at an early age, the mighty principles of human regeneration brought to us from heaven by Christ, the Son of God; to cultivate their growth in childhood unto manhood by religious discipline, by instruction and example, by daily exhortation and gentle correction in season and out of season; to foster and strengthen the plants of virtue by holding up continually before the eyes of youth, as so many subbeams of heavenly warmth, the lovely types of goodness and multifarious virtues displayed in the lives of Jesus and Mary and Joseph and all the Saints of God, the heroes of Christian excellence, our Holy Mother the Church has organized her army of religious teachers, well trained and equipped for this pre-eminently useful department of her service—the education of her children. It is for this end that I have brought the Sisters of Charity to your town to-day. They come to you commissioned and specially blessed for the accomplishment of this good work. They have devoted their lives to God for this especial purpose. They have dedicated themselves to it forever and irrevocably under the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, whereby they have divested themselves of all worldly goods, and all indulgence of the sensuality of nature, and have renounced, each her own will, binding herself before God to accept the will of her Superior evermore as the rule of her guidance in all things. Thus they will appear before you and your children as superior models of the Christian life proposed by our Blessed Redeemer, and their presence and example shall be more powerful for good influence than all the lessons that may be derived from books. Their life of self-sacrifice, and their thorough devotion to the blessed work appointed for them amongst you; their gentleness of spirit and manner, their unselfishness and purity of motive; their spiritual love for the children committed to their care; and their whole religious character will impress the plastic

minds and hearts of your little ones more deeply and firmly than all the theoretical instruction that could possibly be given them. The three dominant principles of evil, to which St. John the Evangelist, under direction of the Holy Ghost, reduced all the disorders of society in the beginning of Christianity, saying, "All that is in the world, is concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life," are prevalent, unhappily, to-day, all over the globe, though not so universally among Christians as among Pagans.

The Sisters of Charity, whom I now deliver over to the kind care of the pastor and the Catholic people of Perth, are a visible protest against that three-fold principle of personal and social ruin and a proclamation in the sight of all men, that happiness in this life and for the eternal future is found in the practice of Christian virtue, which they have pledged themselves before high Heaven to observe all the days of their lives in a superior and more perfect degree than is demanded of the faithful generally. To the concupiscence of the flesh they oppose their vow of chastity, of body and spirit, of mind and heart; to the concupiscence of the eyes, that is the greed of gold, they oppose their vow of poverty, by which they have renounced all they possessed and moreover the power to acquire hereafter any earthly property of any kind; to the pride of life, or the love of self-will and self-exaltation, they oppose their vow of obedience by which they gave up forever their natural right to follow their own will and act as they please, surrendering themselves entirely and absolutely to the authority and will of their religious superior, which alone is the source and evermore their rule of guidance. Thus prepared by the Church for their glorious mission of forming the minds and hearts of Christian youth in the likeness of the Child Jesus of Nazareth, they come to you to-day. I bless them and you and your children; and I invoke God's best blessing on you all.

At the conclusion of the Archbishop's address, Benediction was given with the Most Holy Sacrament. The Perth Harmonic band came to the presbytery after tea to serenade His Grace and the clergy. They played several beautiful airs, Canadian and Irish; and, the night being very cold, they subsequently were invited by Father Duffus to come inside and continue their entertainment. The Archbishop and clergy were greatly pleased at the kindness of the Harmonic band, most of whom are Protestants, and some of them honest Orangemen; and about 10:30 o'clock His Grace went into the room where they played, and spoke to them very kindly and instructively, and, judging by their applause, very gratifyingly, for a quarter of an hour, after which they proceeded to Father Duffus' dining room and enjoyed some good things. Altogether it was a most pleasant evening all round, such as seldom has heretofore been enjoyed in the good old town of Perth.

WALKERTON SEPARATE SCHOOL. The closing exercises in connection with the Separate school were held on Thursday last. There were a few of the parents and other visitors present, but the day being rough the number of visitors was smaller than would otherwise have been the case. The programme was begun promptly at 10 a. m., and consisted of singing, recitations and dialogues by the children of the school. Nearly all of the children took part in one way or other, and all of them did their parts splendidly.

The order was most excellent, and the general deportment of the pupils showed signs of the most careful training. The room in which the exercises were held is a large one, and is furnished with a piano. This is an adjunct to a school entertainment that most schools do not enjoy, and when well played, as it was on this occasion, adds much to the pleasure and success of the proceedings. In one corner of the room stood a Christmas tree, laden with gifts for the children, and the distribution of these created no little amusement. There was a great commotion among the little folks when Santa Claus appeared, and the impersonation of this mythical old gentleman, though carried out by a woman, was very cleverly done. There was a large attendance of pupils and they all seemed bright and happy.—Walkerton Telescope, Dec. 29.

THE LIEUT-GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW BRUNSWICK. Editor Catholic Record: So far no successor has been appointed to Sir Leonard Tilley in the governorship of the Province of New Brunswick. A short time ago there was quite a furore for a little while, and after tiring themselves out in the promoters of the little storm rested. I suppose for breath. First it was one prominent man who was to get the seat, then it was another, and again a third, and later on a dark horse was trotted out to do service only to be re-stabled, groomed and blanketed for another occasion. During the prevailing lull I would like to be heard through the columns of the RECORD, and I am certain I voice the feelings of thousands upon thousands in New Brunswick when I state that Kennedy F. Burns, M. P. for Gloucester county, has the first claim to the Lieut-Governorship of that Province, in succession to Sir S. L. Tilley.

No man in or out of Parliament has stood more loyally to his party in good report and evil report than Mr. Burns. By this I do not want it to be understood that the member for Gloucester

has been a slave to party. He is too manly a man for that, but he has at all times given his party a loyal and firm support free from all semblance of slavishness. Another point to be considered in this connection is this: since the Province was organized as such no one of the Catholic faith has occupied the Governor's seat. The Imperial Government never sent a Catholic to that Province to administer its affairs, nor has it been done since Confederation. The appointment of Mr. Burns might hurt the susceptibilities of a few, but it takes very little to wound the susceptibilities of that few at any time.

It is high time that the Catholics of the Province of New Brunswick should receive due consideration, and in appointing Mr. Burns to the Lieut-Governorship a pledge of a brighter dawn for the Catholics of New Brunswick would be one of the landmarks of this era. A. B. C.

UGANDA. Rev. James McDonnell Dawson, V. G., L. L. D., etc.

The case of Uganda, East Africa, is still a good deal discussed in England. From an article which appeared lately in the Owl the readers of this periodical may have an idea of recent proceedings in that African kingdom. It may not now be inappropriate to give an idea of the country about which there has been so much writing and discussion. Uganda has a very extensive territory and a population of at least three millions. These millions consist of three rival tribes, which, notwithstanding their rivalry, acknowledge the same king, who dwells in a large palace and keeps up considerable state. He is the head of a regular organized government, and something like the feudal system prevails. There are leading chiefs, secondary chiefs, and peasants. The chief officer of the kingdom is called the Karkiro, whose office is analogous to that of our Lord Chancellor. He is appointed by the king and taken from any class of people. There is a grand council, mainly composed of the leading chiefs, three of whom hold their places by hereditary right. Each chief is, to a certain extent, a monarch in his own district. He decides on civil and criminal cases. But more serious cases are referred to the king, or the Karkiro, or one of the three hereditary chiefs. There is no written law, but everything is settled by strict and fixed rules. The council is generally summoned by the king, but the chiefs may insist upon convening it. This is certainly a very advanced state of affairs for Africa, and we are at a loss to see by what right this independent kingdom was by a treaty with some European powers handed over to Great Britain. A trading association called the East African Company was then established in the land. This Company, it is a sad thing to tell, through its agent, Captain Lugard, forced on the king, at the point of the bayonet, a treaty which in reality gave up the government of the country to the company. Their rule was such as was to be expected. The British officer and servant of the company, Captain Lugard, attacked the king, drove him from his throne, massacred many of his people and completely destroyed a Catholic mission which enjoyed the king's favor, and had been for some time in a flourishing condition. To this outrage was added, as we learn from the best sources of information, the murder of some of the missionaries. There was in the country also a Protestant mission. The Protestants, however, were the minority. But this mattered not. They were the English party, and so considered by the officials of the company. A law was passed in their favor, declaring that any Protestant who fell into the "errors of Rome,"—that is, went over to the Catholic or opposition party—should forfeit all his property. Feuds, disorder, fighting and bloodshed have generally prevailed under the unnatural rule of a few English traders over a free, and, until their advent, independent African nation.

It certainly is not matter for astonishment that the company is under orders to withdraw from Uganda. The question now is, will that country be left to itself or will a British Protectorate be established? Such a protectorate as would not interfere with the internal rule of the native king and chiefs, it may be supposed, is desirable. It would, however, be attended with considerable cost. The presence of a numerous military force would be necessary in order to defend the country, maintain peace within its borders and suppress the detestable slave trade. A railway might also be required for establishing communication between the interior of the country and the sea coast. Whether thus protected or left to itself, Uganda would be an open field for Catholic missionaries. In the latter case the good will of the inhabitants would guard them; in the event of a British protectorate the spirit of the age would save them even from the shadow of persecution. An English writer says that if Uganda were left to its inhabitants, "the Catholic missionaries would remain there, as they do not believe in propagating the Faith by means of an armed force; and they are quite ready to risk—if risk there be—their lives."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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CATHOLICS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Baltimore Mirror. There are not a few Catholics who have become interested in the so-called phenomena of Spiritualism, and who have attended, and perhaps make a practice of attending, the exhibitions given by mediums.

It is needless to add anything by way of exhortation to Catholics in order to induce them to keep aloof from these lying wonders and false miracles.

In the current issue of the Month there is an admirable exposition of the Catholic view of Spiritualism, written by a priest, and the article is very timely, as so many persons are now concerning themselves with the manifestations of table-rappers and materializing performers.

Any one who believes in the central fact of Christianity must by the very fact of his belief be a dogmatist so far as regards the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Every spirit that dissolveth Jesus (i. e., separates between His divinity and humanity, denying either one or the other) is not of God, and this is anti-Christ of whom you have heard that he cometh and he is now already in the world.

The spirits who appear to those on earth when invoked by them are not what they profess to be, nor the spirits of departed friends, but the ministers of Satan, who assume the character and even the appearance of the deceased, and manifest secrets known only to them, in order to deceive the living and bring them into their power.

The true character of these spirits is shown by the doctrine taught by them. It is in direct opposition to Holy Scripture and the teaching of the Catholic Church.

The invariable consequence of intercourse with the spirits is a gradual and insensible loss of faith, and a disrelish and dislike for all intercourse with God, whether by Holy Communion, or any other of the sacraments of the Church.

against the natural law graven on the hearts of all men. It was one of the abominations for which the wicked nations of Palestine were expelled by Almighty God at the time of the Jewish conquest.

Spiritualism is also strictly forbidden by Holy Scripture, and by the Catholic Church under pain of mortal sin. It is a direct and formal insult to Almighty God.

It is needless to add anything by way of exhortation to Catholics in order to induce them to keep aloof from these lying wonders and false miracles.

In the issue of Scribner's Magazine for November appears an account of "Conversations and Opinions of Victor Hugo," from unpublished papers found at Guernsey.

Hugo seems to have been haunted by evil spirits toward the close of his life. He says: "Formerly I used to sleep like a tranquil man. Now I never lie down without a certain terror, and when I awake in the night I awake with a shudder. I hear rapping spirits in my room.

The "White Lady" was a vision which had appeared in the neighborhood. How much of Hugo's nocturnal torment was due to an uneasy conscience?

In the pride of intellect he may have tried to reason himself into the belief that Christianity is a dream and chimeras; but was his soul ever truly at peace? There is in his writing, and especially his novels, a dwelling on Catholic things—Bishops, priests, nuns, the Mass, ceremonies, doctrines— that shows how much they occupied his secret thoughts.

For Nervous Prostration and Anæmia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

In investigating the cause of this prevalent complaint it is found to rest principally in wrong action of the stomach and impurity of the blood. These exciting causes are easily removed by the regulating, purifying tonic and digestive effects of Burdock Blood Purifiers, hence the success of B. B. B. in curing dyspepsia in any form, no matter of how long standing or how severe it may be.

A MOTHER'S LOOK.

A Jesuit Missionary's Touching Story of his Conversion.

The following touching incident is related by a Jesuit Father: "I have known a student, whose desolate and wretched life had caused him to be cast into chains and to be locked up in the Ebernbretstein. His father was long since dead. His mother, therefore, had to bear alone the grief caused by her degenerate child.

The next day the son appeared, escorted by armed soldiers, at the bed of his mother. But she, pale and consumed with grief, spoke no word—no, not a word, but long and piercingly she looked at him, and having penetrated him long and deeply, she turned her face to the wall and gave the signal to lead away the son.

The Twilight-Bell of the Angels.

A legend, impalpable as the ether in which it floats, owing no local habitation, claiming no author, is borne on the swift wings of memory. It says that in the blessed abode of the angels a great bell swings; and that at twilight mortals may hear its voice, if they put from mind and heart all discord and worldliness and all that comes between them and love to their Creator.

So then, let us ponder a little: Let us look in our hearts and see if the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—and me."

The promptness with which Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops a hacking cough and induces refreshing sleep is something marvelous. It never fails to give instant relief, even in the worst cases of throat and lung trouble, and is the best remedy for whooping cough.

MODERN MIRACLES.

Interesting Talk by a Jesuit in England.

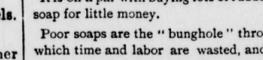
Father Clarke, S. J., during the course of a lecture on the subject of modern miracles, delivered in the boys' school of St. George's Cathedral, in Westminster Bridgeroad, explained the teaching of the Church in this connection, pointing out that there were none more sceptical about modern miracles than the Bishops of the Church, unless there existed most indisputable evidence to support them.

The reverend lecturer then gave a number of cases of cures effected at Lourdes, which had been verified by independent medical testimony.

To Prevent the Grip.

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation. SAVING AT THE SPIGOT AND BUNGHOLE IS A POOR KIND OF ECONOMY.



It is on a par with buying lots of rubbishy soap for little money.

Pool soaps are the "bungholes" through which time and labor are wasted, and by which the clothes and hands are ruined.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

Closes the Avenues of Waste and Ruin, and by its lasting properties, its wonderful cleansing powers and perfect purity, it saves time and labor, and brings comfort and satisfaction to all who use it.

IT IS TRUE ECONOMY TO USE THE "Sunlight" TRY IT.

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PILEKONE PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR PILES. Application painless and easy. Relief immediate. This preparation fills a great and long felt want of those who suffer from piles.

THIRTY YEARS. Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889. "I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used ST. JACOBS OIL and it completely cured. I give it all praise." MRS. WM. RYDER. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont. And you will receive by return mail the 24th Annual Circular of the College.

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BURDOCK. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD. CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

Butters. VETERINARY SURGEON. Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. Office and residence, 338 Adelaide Street, 2nd floor south of Lilly's Corners, London East.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

First Sunday After Epiphany.

JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

And not finding him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking him.

The Gospel of today tells us, my brethren, how our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph lost Jesus on their way home from Jerusalem, where they had gone with Him to keep the feast of the pasch, and how in the search of Him, what fears and anxieties must have filled their minds as they thought of the many enemies which He had among the rulers of the people, jealous of His promised kingdom, and of the harm which they would try to do Him if they recognized Him for the child whom Herod had sought to destroy! And how perplexed Mary and Joseph must have been that He who had hitherto saved Himself by their protection should at this tender age abandon them and remove Himself from their care! Had they not shown enough love and care for Him? Had they proved themselves unworthy of Him? Surely it could not be His purpose when so young to begin His great work. Would He not at least have told them if such had been His plan?

No, our Lord did not propose to begin His mission then; for, though He was indeed God, He was also then a child, and that mission was not a child's work. But He did wish to show them that His great work even then filled His heart and soul; that the fire of love for us, which brought Him to the cross, was consuming Him even in childhood. "Did you not know," He said to them when they found Him, "that I must be about My Father's business?" "How is it that you sought Me?" "You might have known," He seems to say, "that, if I were speaking to you, I must be in the temple with My people of their God."

He also wished to give them an opportunity of merit by showing the love of God which filled their souls. For their grief was not the common grief of parents who have lost a child, great as that trouble is. It was the loss of the Divine Presence which affected them beyond measure. God had been with them for all those years as never with any one else, and now He had left them, they could not tell why or for how long. They would not have spared Him for an hour, even to their kinfolk and friends, with whom they thought He was, except for charity; and now He had left them, perhaps for the rest of their lives, which were worth nothing without Him.

Would that we loved God, my brethren, as they loved Him; that He were the light and consolation of our lives, as He was of theirs! Let us think of this as we reflect on their pain and anguish in that weary search for the visible presence of Him whose grace was, after all, always in their souls. How is it with us? Would we have Him with us as they had? Would we have lost His Presence which they so bitterly missed? Would it not, perhaps, even be a painful restraint? Do we care, as it is, to be near Jesus? It is His presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar a consolation to us? We revere that Real Presence of our Lord, but do we love it? If so, why do we not seek it more?

Do we even care for His presence by grace in our souls, which they always had in its fulness, and never dimmed by the shadow of sin? To lose that, had it been possible, would have been a thousand deaths to them: what is it to us? How easily do we lose that grace: how little do we care to regain it!

Oh! let us at least imitate our Blessed Mother and her Holy Spouse as far as this. If we do not love to be with Jesus as they did, at least seek to have Him with us by His grace. If we have lost Him, let us seek Him, and we will not weary till we find Him; let us not rest till He comes again to our souls, never to leave them again.

Bazaar and Prize Distribution in aid of the Hotel Dieu Hospital Windsor, Ont.

On account of the reopening of St. Alphonsus' Church in October, a fifteen days' mission in November, and the Advent season coming in shortly after the mission, the above bazaar was necessarily postponed until the month of January, 1893. It will open on the 10th and close on the 25th. The drawing of prizes will positively take place, without any further postponement. Let it be remembered that tickets holders will have sixty chances for each ticket, that is, one chance on each of the sixty prizes on the ticket; whilst, in ordinary prize drawings, there is only one chance per ticket on all the prizes on the ticket.

Persons, whilst aiding a most deserving charity, they might possibly win one and the same ticket will several valuable prizes.

The last returns should not be made any later than the 20th January, 1893.

Any person may obtain a book of five tickets upon sending \$1.00 to the Rev. Mother Superior, Hotel Dieu, Windsor, Ont. 7413

"Clear Havana Cigars" Insist upon having these brands.

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2nd, Burdock Blood Bitters cures bad blood by the same specific action combined with its alternative and purifying powers.

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D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes: "I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

WILD CHERRY and HYPOPHOSPHITES are combined with Cod Liver Oil in Milburn's Emulsion, the best Lung remedy.

No other Sarsaparilla has the merit to secure the confidence of entire communities and hold it year after year, like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER THE CARNIVAL.

It was nearly dark, and the day had been very long to Pepsie, sitting alone at her window, for Madelon must remain all day and until late at night on the Rue Bourbon. A holiday, and especially Mardi-gras, was a day of harvest for her, and she never neglected a chance to reap nickels and dimes; therefore Pepsie began to look anxiously for the return of the merry party in the milk-cart. She knew they were not to remain to see the night procession; at least, that had not been the intention of Tante Modeste when she left, and she could not imagine what had detained them. And Tite Souris—ungrateful creature!—had been told to return as soon as the procession was over, in order to get Pepsie's dinner. Owing to the excitement of the morning, Pepsie had eaten nothing, and now she was very hungry, as well as lonesome; and even Tony, tired of waiting, was hopping about restlessly, straining at his cord, and pecking the floor viciously.

Madame Jozain had returned some time before, and was even then eating her dinner comfortably. Pepsie had called across to know if she had seen anything of the Paichoux and Lady Jane; but madame had answered stiffly that she had been in her friend's gallery all the time, which was an intimation that she had been in no position to notice a milk-cart, or its occupants. Then she observed indifferently that Madame Paichoux had probably decided to remain on Canal street in order to get good positions for the night procession.

Pepsie comforted herself somewhat with this view of the case, and then began to worry about the child's fast. She was sure Tante Modeste had nothing in the cart for the children to eat, and on Mardi-gras there was such a rush that one could hardly get into a restaurant, and she doubted whether Tante Modeste would try with such a crowd of young ones to feed. At length when she had thought of every possible reason for their remaining so late, and every possible plan by which they could be fed, she began to think of her own hunger, and of Tite Souris's neglect, and had worked herself up to a very uneasy state of mind, when she saw her ungrateful handmaid plunging across the street, looking like a much-abused scarecrow, the remnants of her tatters flying in the wind, and her long black legs, owing to the unexpected abbreviation of her skirts, longer and thinner than ever, while her comical black face wore an expression impossible to describe.

"Oh, Miss Pepsie," she gasped, bursting into Pepsie's presence like a whirlwind, "Madame Paichoux done som' on ahead ter tell yer how Miss Lady Jane's done got lost."

"Lost, lost?" cried Pepsie, clasping her hands wildly and bursting into tears. "How, where?"

"Up yonder, on Cunnet street. We's can't find 'er nowhar."

"Then you must have let go of her," cried Pepsie, while her eyes flashed fire. "I told you not to let go of her."

"Oh laws, Miss Pepsie, we's couldn't help it in dat dar scrimmage; peoples done bus' us right apart, an' Miss Lady Jane's so litt' her han' jes slip outen mine. I's tried ter hole on, but 't ain't no use."

"And where was Tiburee? Did he let go of her too?"

"He war dar, but Lor! he couldn't help it, Mars' Tiburee couldn't, no more on me."

"You've broken my heart, Tite, and if you don't go and find her I'll hate you always. Mind what I say, I'll hate you forever, and Pepsie thrust out her long head and set her teeth in a cruel way."

"Oh laws, honey! Oh laws, Miss Pepsie, day's all a-lookin', dey's gwine bring'er back soon; don't git scart, dat chile 's all right."

"Go and look for her; go and find her! Mind what I tell you; bring her back safe or—"

Here Pepsie threw herself back in her chair and fairly writhed. "Oh, oh! and I must stay here and not do anything, and that darling is lost, lost!—out in the streets alone, and nearly dark. Go, go, and look for her; don't stand there glaring at me. Go, I say," and Pepsie raised her utterer threateningly.

"Yes, Miss Pepsie," yes, I'll bring'er back shore," cried Tite, dodging an imaginary blow, as she darted out, her rags and tatters flying after her.

When she had gone Pepsie could do nothing but strain her eyes in the gathering darkness, and wring her hands and weep. She saw the light and the fire in Madame Jozain's room, but the door was closed because the evening was chilly, and the street seemed deserted. There was no one to speak to; she was alone in the dark little room with only Tony, who rustled his feathers in a ghostly sort of way, and *toned* dimly.

Presently she heard the sound of wheels, and peering out saw Tante Modeste's milk-cart; her heart gave a great bound. How foolish she was to take on in such a wild way; they had found her, she was there in the cart, safe and sound; but instead of Lady Jane's blithe little voice she heard her Uncle Paichoux, and in an instant Tante Modeste entered with a very anxious face.

"She has not come home, has she?" were Tante Modeste's first words.

"Oh, oh!" sobbed Pepsie, "then you have not brought her?"

"Don't cry, child, don't cry, we'll find her now. When I saw I couldn't do anything, I took the young ones home, and got your uncle. I said, 'If I have Paichoux, I'll be able to find

her.' We're going right to the police. I dare say they've found her, or know where she is."

"You know I told you—" moaned Pepsie, "you know I was afraid she'd get lost."

"Yes, yes; but I thought I could trust Tiburee. The boy will never get over it; he told me the truth, thank Heaven; he said he just let go her hand for one moment, and there was such a crowd. If that fly-away of a Tite had kept on the other side it would n't have happened, but she ran off as soon as they got on the street."

"I thought so. I'll pay her off," said Pepsie vindictively.

"Come, come, Modeste," called Paichoux from the door, "let's be starting."

"Oh, uncle!" cried Pepsie, imploringly, "do find Lady Jane."

"Certainly, child, certainly, I'll find her. I'll have her back here in an hour or so. Don't cry. It's nothing for a young one to get lost Mardi-gras; I dare say there are a dozen at the police stations now, waiting for their people to come and get them."

Just at that moment there was a sound of voices without, and Pepsie exclaimed: "That's Lady Jane. I heard her speak." Sure enough, the sweet, high-pitched little voice, chattering merrily, could be distinctly heard; and at the same instant Tite Souris burst into the room, exclaiming:

"Her 's here, Miss Pepsie, bress der Lor! I's done found her; and following close was Lady Jane, still holding fast to little Gex."

"Oh, Pepsie! Oh, I was lost!" she cried, springing into her friend's arms.

"I was lost, and Mr. Gex found me; and I struck a boy in the face, and he tore off my domino and mask, and I didn't know what to do, when Mr. Gex came and kicked him into the gutter. Didn't you, Mr. Gex?"

"Just to think of it!" cried Tante Modeste, embracing her, and almost crying over her, while Paichoux was listening to the modest account of the rescue, from the ancient dancing-master.

"And I had dinner with Mr. Gex," cried Lady Jane joyfully; "such a lovely dinner—ice cream, and grapes—and cake!"

"And one leetle bird, with a vairy fine salad, my leetle lady—was n't it—one vairy nice leetle bird?" interrupted Gex, who was unwilling to have his fine dinner belittled.

"Oh, yes; bird, and fish, and soup," enumerated Lady Jane, "and peas, Pepsie, little peas."

"Oh, mon Dieu! oh, leetle lady!" cried Gex, holding up his hands in horror, "you have it vairy wrong. It was soup, and fish, and bird. M. Paichoux, you see the leetle lady does not vell remember; and you must not think I can't order one vairy fine dinner."

"I understand," no doubt, Gex, but what you could order a dinner fit for an alderman."

"Thank you, thank you, vairy much," returned Gex, as he bowed himself out and went home to dream of his triumphs.

Spiritualism.

In reference to Spiritualism, an editorial in the London Month, says: "Anyone who believes in the central fact of Christianity must, by the very fact of his belief, be a dogmatist so far as regards the Divinity of Jesus Christ. He must also, if he is consistent in his belief, regard with the utmost abhorrence any system or any influence that tends to weaken the authority of the Son of God over the hearts of men. Anyone, moreover, who believes in the inspiration of Holy Scripture must hold that any spiritual agency that opposes the doctrine of the Incarnation, is of necessity not of God, but of the Evil One. Every spirit that dissolves Jesus is not of God, and this is anti-Christ of whom you have heard that He cometh, and is now already in the world."

Every Christian holds any fact, statement, or phenomenon which traverses this central doctrine of Christianity to be of hell. In this respect he is bound to be intolerant. He cannot, as a lover of God's truth, show any consideration for it. A fact it cannot be, as a statement it is false, as a phenomenon it must be a mere imposture. When, therefore, we find the revelations of spiritualism "dissolving our faith in Him, rendering those who allow themselves to be entangled in their meshes averse to all that implies dependence on God, and a recognition of His claims to our obedience, we are bound, as Soldiers of Christ, to denounce such revelations, and warn the faithful against them as not only dangerous but as ruinous to the souls of the world."

In a materialistic age, it vouches for the supernatural. Its phenomena cannot be doubted or denied. They bring the unseen into touch with the visible. Out of the evil of devilry comes at least that good—N. Y. Catholic Review.

"Handsome is that handsome does," and if Hood's Sarsaparilla does not handsomely then nothing does. Have you ever tried it? Keep it on Hand.

Sirs,—I always keep a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil for cuts, sprains and bruises. The folks at the house use it for almost everything. I know it to be a good medicine; it is an excellent mollifier for cracked or chapped hands.

For the thorough and speedy cure of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions of the Skin, take Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Mrs. B. Forbes, Detroit, had a running sore on her leg for a long time; commenced using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and she is now completely cured. Her husband thinks there is nothing equal to it for Ague or any low Fever.

HUMILITY.

Cardinal Newman on the Difficulty of Attaining This Virtue.

Humility is one of the most difficult of the virtues both to attain and to ascertain. It lies upon the heart itself, and its tests are exceedingly delicate, subtle.

Humility of condescension, viewed as a virtue of conduct, may be said to consist, as in other things, in our placing our thoughts on a level with our inferiors. It is not only a voluntary relinquishment of the privileges of our station, but an actual participation or assumption of the condition of those to whom we stoop. This is true humility: to feel and behave as if we were low—not to cherish a notion of our importance while we affect a low position, who be called himself "the least of the saints," such the humility of the many holy men who have considered themselves the greatest of sinners. It is an abdication, as far as their own thoughts are concerned, of those prerogatives or privileges to which others deem them entitled.

Angels of Charity.

Rev. Dr. Howard Henderson, a prominent Protestant minister and journalist of Cincinnati, paid the following beautiful tribute to the Sisters of Charity in the Cincinnati Post, on October 14th: "It is said that when the cholera visited Florence, a bevy of beautiful girls volunteered to nurse the sick, soothe the dying and comfort the bereaved. Unattended, and wearing only a simple badge, betokening their mission of mercy, they threaded the narrow streets and alleys in search of the afflicted, and passed through crowds of ruffians unmolested. What was their protection? Not that the city was hung in weeds, not that every house had its sufferer and many its dead—for crime has held high carnival when death was abroad like the angel of doom that destroyed Sennacherib and his host; houses have run mad and ravaged, and reckless and dissipated youth cast dice on their father's coffin and rattled off a clog dance on their mother's tombstone. Their shield was their goodness. The rude soldiers of the Crimea kissed the shadow of Florence Nightingale on the wall. A raving maniac, listening to the silvery voice of Elizabeth Fry, fancied that he heard the converse of angels."

"Why is the Roman Catholic Church strong?" "It is because of her magnificent Cathedral and mighty ministers, or her Gregorian chants and sacred scriptures and pictures, or her sublime Latin liturgy? Nay, nay! Her greatest power is in her charity, and she is invulnerable while she continues to multiply her benevolent institutions, and so long as her sweet-faced and gentle-hearted Sisters of Charity smooth the pillows of suffering, iron the corrugated brows of the anguished, and take to their ward the orphans that otherwise would be left to struggle unfriended and alone, and her Brothers of Mercy give ears to the deaf, eyes to the blind, limbs to the lame, and hope to the despairing. Protestantism is learning that to rival her power it must emulate her love, multiply her colleges and hospitals, and make common such philanthropists as Howard and Oberlin and Wilberforce. One can not contemplate the possibility of a cholera epidemic without calling to brighten the scene of desolation, and like a rainbow of storm, lending to the war of elements a beauty born of heaven. God bless the Sisters of Charity! God bless the Deaconesses!"

During the past half-century—since the discovery of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the average limit of human life in civilized countries, has been considerably lengthened. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is everywhere considered the standard blood-purifier, the Superior Medicine.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender skins are literally Oiled with Itching and Burning Eruptions and other Itching, Scaly, and Eruptive Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, and not mothers realize, to know that a simple application of the

Remedy will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, watch children's faces, and see nothing but torments and disgusting eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDY is the greatest skin cure, blood purifier, and humor remover of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER, DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, Boston, Mass. "Key to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

DAISY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PAINS AND WEAKNESSES Relieved in one minute by that new, cheap, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. 35 cents.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the estate of Hannah Gormley, late of the city of London, in Ontario, widow, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to section 35, Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 119, that all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the above named Hannah Gormley, who died on or about the 25th day of October last at the said City of London, are hereby required to deliver or send by post prepaid to the undersigned solicitors for the executor of the said deceased, on or before the 20th day of January, 1893, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions and full particulars of their claims, statement of their account duly verified and the nature of the security, if any, held by them, and the said executor will, on and after the said 20th day of January, 1893, proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereby, having regard only to the claims of creditors who have notice, and that the said executor will not be liable for the assets of the said estate, if such distribution is made on or after the said 20th day of January, 1893.

GIBBONS, McNAB & MULKERN, Solicitors for the executor. Dated this 15th day of December, 1892. 710-4

SURPRISE SOAP

While the best for all household uses, has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes. It does away with that boiling and scalding—the clothes come out sweet, clean and white.

Harmless to hands and fabrics—lathers freely—lasts longest.

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HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all Ages. For Children and the aged they are precisely adapted.

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